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ECONOMIC MAN AND SOCIAL MAN

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

WE live in a revolutionary age. All over the world, the old type of society and the old way of life are disintegrating. There is a race in progress between disintegration and reintegration. If disintegration wins, the result will be chaos. But if it loses, there is still a portentous alternative. Reintegration may either be on a progressive or a reactionary basis, either democratic or else openly or disguisedly fascist. So there is another race between two radically different kinds of reintegration.

It is fairly easy to picture the society which would result from reactionary counter-revolution. All you have to do is to take the present centres of privilege and power and vested interest and imagine a tidy but despotic social order crystallizing around them. Anyhow you have working models, admittedly different in detail from anything that could happen here, but of the same basic type, in Germany and Portugal, Spain and Vichy France.

But it is much harder to visualize a new kind of society which shall embody the new emergent social forces and yet be democratic. It is much harder just because it is so new, and there are no patterns of it yet in existence: and this very impossibility of giving a clear picture of the goal makes the goal harder of attainment.

All the same, it is necessary to try. We must try to see some of the framework of general principles needed, then to pick out what elements and what trends in our present society fit into that framework, and finally to encourage all trends which are moving in the right direction. If the new World Order just happens, it is likely to be as much disorder as order. It must if possible be created in the light of a vision—step by painful step, and at the cost of giving up many ideas which once seemed illuminating and inspiring even if the vision be but the vision of a direction.

First then, it is clear that the present is the end of an age—in Peter Drucker's words, the end of economic man. We think

and believe that the new epoch of civilization will best be described as the age of social man, in which society will be much more of an organic whole, tied together mainly by the living relations of human beings and organized groups of human beings instead of mainly by the cold impersonal forces of profit and economic competition.

But it is clear that an organic society in this sense can exist on a totalitarian anti-democratic basis just as readily as on a democratic one; and so, as we believe in democracy, we must make sure that the new social order is also a democratic order. However, we also realize that, to fit in with the new framework, the expression of democracy will have to be radically transformed. Many of our old ideas must be retranslated, so to speak, into a new language. The democratic idea of freedom, for instance, must lose its 19th century meaning of individual liberty in the economic sphere, and become adjusted to new conceptions of social duties and responsibilities. When a big employer talks about his democratic right to individual freedom, meaning thereby a claim to socially irresponsible control over a huge industrial concern and over the lives of tens of thousands of human beings whom it happens to employ, he is talking in a dying language. In the organic society of the future, individual liberties will mean the liberties of the individual as such—freedom of speech and opinion and belief, freedom of the person and of movement. But in his capacity as a business executive, as university president, as government administrator, a man is no longer only an individual; he incurs social obligations, and his individual freedom must be balanced against his social responsibilities.

One more general point. Every society needs its myth, its set of shared beliefs and emotionally charged ideas. It is they which give direction and support to its material organization. We must try to ensure that these vivifying concepts are based closely on concrete realities, and are neither hangovers from an earlier age no longer relevant to the present, nor false or over-simplified abstractions. Individualism in the *laissez faire* sense is a false abstraction which has lost any concrete relevance it once possessed; so is nationalism, in the sense of a belief in the absolute sovereign right of separate nations. We must see that such concepts eventually die out as completely as still older ones that have now ceased to have any living relevance, like the Divine Right of Kings, or the theological view of the State, which was the basis of the medieval system. The Nazi myth of race is a false and erroneous myth: we must

see that that plays as little a part as possible in the new order, not forgetting that we ourselves, in the Kipling era, went a long way towards accepting it. The State, as something of value in its own right, is an unreal abstraction; and when, as in Nazi Germany, it is erected into something of higher value than the individuals which compose it, it becomes a false and dangerous one.

In seeking to build a new order, we have to attempt three separate tasks, but must link them together in a single whole. First, to try to remove the elements in the old order which are working against democracy and are causing individual frustration and social disintegration; secondly, to produce arrangements which will provide security and stability, will work efficiently and will make society more of a living, organic, self-conscious whole; and thirdly, to do this on democratic principles, and to be on our guard against all anti-democratic tendencies.

The face of the future is hidden. All we can do is to try here and there to pierce the veil and to build up some picture in our mind, however fragmentary and incomplete. If such a picture expresses our human needs, and at the same time is not merely Utopian but corresponds with genuine possibilities, it will help us in our task and tend to realize itself in actuality.

Our old order contains two principles which, derived from very different historical sources, have now combined to deadlock progress. One is the liberal principle of economic individualism and the sacredness of the profit motive; the other is the conservative principle of class privilege based on property and on social position. In a society based on these principles, social services are considered as a mixture of charity and of palliatives designed to patch up defects in the system. The duties of the more fortunate are thought of in terms of almsgiving and *noblesse oblige* rather than of responsibility in service. For the most part, the individual human beings or the groups that go to make up the nation are tied together by impersonal bonds such as the economic motive, not by a living framework of social rights and duties.

Meanwhile, powerful monopolies develop, which, from being merely non-social, may become definitely anti-social. In the rough-and-tumble of competing interests, planning for the benefit of the community at large is all but impossible, and towns and cities grow up which make life uglier and more difficult instead of fuller, richer and more beautiful. Consumers, being unorganized and without the force of the profit

motive behind them, find their interests neglected as against those of producers and distributors. Law, while liberal as regards individual freedom and civil liberties, remains extremely conservative as regards property; and on the whole property rights are allowed to override human needs. In general, society fails to achieve corporate expression and individuals tend to become reduced to the level of social atoms (and frustrated atoms at that), instead of finding themselves as members of some greater whole.

How can this disintegrating system be reintegrated on a new basis? One way of beginning to re-think our social framework is to look at the different kinds and levels of real units that go to make up society, and then to see what claims each kind of unit has on society, and what responsibilities it should undertake.

First, then, society is not simply a mass of individuals. It consists of more or less sharply defined groups: and these groups are on different levels of size and complexity. They are also of different kinds. Some groups are geographical, consisting of all the people in a certain area. Others are functional, consisting of people grouped together for some particular purpose. And these functional groups are of two main kinds—those concerned with material ends and practical interests, like manufacture, or trade, or law, or medicine; and those concerned with ends in themselves, like sport or recreation, music or art, knowledge or worship. Of course the two kinds cut across each other and may be mixed up, but the distinction is a real one—a shop or a factory or a trades union are different in kind from a football club, a congregation, or a scientific society.

Since all groups consist of individual human beings, the individual is our basic social unit. Next above the individual comes the family. Above the family comes the local community or neighbourhood, in which personal relationships play a major part. Above this level we get a change of quality: in more extensive units, personal relationships are largely replaced by abstract or symbolic ones. We have cities and regions as groups of local communities; the groups of regions that we call nations; and above this again are the as yet very shadowy international organizations or groupings of nations. Functional groups also fall into the same kind of categories. All the Trades Unionists in a given factory make a neighbourhood group; and above them there are regional, national and international Trades Union organizations. So with churches.

businesses, political parties: though in some cases the most extensive groupings are absent.

A group may be highly organized on one level, feebly on another; and different kinds of groups may differ in this respect. Politically, the nation is the most highly organized geographical group, the region the least organized. Various Trades Unions, on the other hand, are strongest on the regional level. In our suburbs, the geographical neighbourhood group is feeble; while in functional groups for self-expression, like choirs or dramatic societies, the neighbourhood level often has the most vigorous organization.

The problem would seem to be this. In an organic society, every individual and every group should have some claims upon society and some responsibilities towards it. But too often claims which are valid on one level have been transferred, quite erroneously, to another level. Thus individual liberty has a very definite meaning for human beings in their capacity as individuals and needs to be safeguarded as one of the guarantees of democracy. But when Mr. Henry Ford, for instance, says that the principle of individual freedom gives him the right to do what he likes with his business, he is confusing the issue. He is now dealing with a large and powerful group, in which social relations ought to be the overruling consideration—relations of the management to the thousands of workmen employed, of the firm as a whole to the national economy, to regional and local planning, and so on.

Too often again, sectional groups have allowed material interests to override all other considerations, until they have become quite anti-social. Big corporations whose " duty " to make profits impels them to encourage trade with countries that are piling up armaments obviously aimed at their own countries; firms which deliberately employ sweated labour or refuse to instal safety devices; city administrations which permit vice and racketeering for the sake of graft—those are a few obvious examples.

In building our new order, groups must be made to fit in to the social framework. Sectional economic groups cannot be permitted to allow their " responsibility to their shareholders " —in plain English, their desire to secure maximum profits—to override all other responsibilities. Here, much can be done by legislation. Responsibilities towards employees can be imposed by regulations of space and light and ventilation, minimum wages, holidays with pay, recognition of trades unions, prohibition of child labour, and so forth. Responsi-

bilities to the nation can be imposed by insisting on membership of national organizations representing the industry as a whole and subject to general governmental supervision; through taxation or through limitation of profits (as, for instance, in the London Passenger Transport Board—though here the rate was undoubtedly fixed too high). Responsibilities to the local or regional community can be imposed through planning regulations, compulsory anti-smoke legislation, and the like; as a war measure, local responsibility has already been enforced as regards the compulsory provision of fire watchers.

It may well be that, with the passage of time, group organizations, whether commercial firms or public bodies, will take over various responsibilities for the housing, education and leisure activities of their employees (as has already been done by a few public-spirited and far-sighted firms), and for the beautification of their neighbourhood.

In any case, social organizations of every sort and at every level must be worked out in new terms—first and foremost in terms of people, of human well-being and possibilities of personal development, instead of in terms of abstractions like the State, or Freedom, or in purely material terms like property and profit. A manufacturing firm is not merely an instrument for making profit for its shareholders, or even for turning out efficient goods. It is also a collection of human beings, from workmen up to general manager; and it is also part of a local community, where it can affect the lives of other human beings in all kinds of ways—how and where it builds its buildings, whether it discharges poisonous wastes into the waters and clouds of grime and smoke into the air, or whether it provides housing and recreation for its workpeople.

Again, an army is not only a military machine. It contains tens of thousands of individuals, whose development as human beings and as citizens it can make or mar by its discipline and by the education it provides or fails to provide. It is also a part of society, and can be made useful, when not engaged in fighting, in many social tasks, as the Pioneer Corps is now doing in clearing up bomb damage in London, or as the Russian Army has done in helping with the harvests.

This humanizing and socializing of sectional groups is one way in which the new social order will differ from the old. Another, we can be pretty sure, is the insistence that will be laid on service to the community.

The urge to be useful is a normal part of the human make-up. The service organizations like the W.V.S. or the various youth

service corps, which are providing outlets for service in relation to the needs of war, are demonstrating the strength of this urge. It is both probable and desirable that some form of National Service will continue after the war is over; but it will also be more difficult to organize it in peace-time. However, there is no reason to suppose that peace-time national service cannot be organized in a way which is both satisfying and also democratic. Even plain military conscription can be a democratic and educative force, as is the case in Switzerland. And there are plenty of other forms of service besides military service. We can be pretty sure that the Youth Service Corps and the Women's Voluntary Service will continue in some guise or other. If we are imaginative enough, we can give young people a choice between various types of national service—for boys, in military training, in engineering workshops or in the fishing fleet, for girls, in domestic service, help in hospitals, communal feeding centres, crèches or welfare centres; for both sexes, on the land and on public works; for a picked élite, in youth leadership, in assistance in research, in providing entertainment in the socialized entertainment and recreation service of the future. The Civilian Conservation Corps (C.C.C.) in the United States, though designed to relieve juvenile unemployment, has demonstrated how sucessful and how democratic such service projects can be.

For adults, many of these outlets will also be possible; in addition, they can contribute their energies and their skills to various community projects. And part of their spells of service can be devoted to refresher courses designed to improve their professional skill and their outlook as citizens.

Does this appear Utopian? If it does, it is mainly because our competitive society makes it appear so. In a society in which profit motive has become subsidiary, and which provides economic and social security for all its citizens, workers will no longer fear being thrown out of work by national service schemes, nor will private enterprise be jealous of such projects. In Russia, the "Volunteer Brigades" already do something of the sort, but only to help in emergencies. It remains for the democracies to generalize the system in some form of true national service, and in such a way that the work that gets done is of real value to the community, while at the same time giving the individual a sense of satisfaction and achievement.

But service is only part of the story. Self-expression and self-development are as necessary and as desirable as self-sacrifice, and men and women have as much right to personal

enjoyment and a full individual life as the community has to call upon their services. I do not mean to imply that individual expression and community service are in separate watertight compartments: some people find the greatest enhancement of their individuality in a shared enterprise designed for the common good, and others, like some types of thinkers and artists, may render their greatest service to the community by developing their individual powers to the utmost. But there is a perfectly real general distinction between the two, and our new order must give play to both.

Perhaps the first thing to remember is that the vast majority of people to-day are simply unaware of the possibilities of fuller living which might be theirs. And this applies to service as much as to individual enjoyment. Before the war, most of us would have pooh-poohed the idea that we could enjoy hard and even dangerous work on behalf of others and the community at large. But in spite of everything, there are to-day thousands who, though they may sometimes grumble, at heart enjoy fighting fires or acting as wardens or serving in canteens. Only recently I heard of a local group of Women's Voluntary Service workers in the lowlands of Scotland whose chief concern was how they might make sure that their work should continue after the war was over.

To an equal extent, this unawareness is true of self-development and enjoyment. Most of us just accept the world into which we are born. We may be acutely conscious that we would like a fuller life than we have got, but what we would like to fill it with consists in general merely of more of the enjoyments which our particular civilization already provides —more leisure to go to cinemas or football matches or dog-races, more opportunity to indulge little private hobbies, more money to cut more of a dash with, more opportunities of doing what the envied richer classes do with their wealth and leisure —smart display, travel cruises, expensive sport, dancing. All these have their merits and their function in life; but there are other possibilities which are simply not thought of by most of us to-day, but which, if they could be realized, would put in the second place much that now has first place in our minds, would provide people with ways of spending their time and energies which many of them would prefer. A well-known sociologist once spoke of the "accursed wantlessness of the common people": most of us do not even know what we lack.

When we look at this question of leisure enjoyment and self-expression in the most general way, we find three striking facts

about our present system of things. First, our physical environment, and more particularly that of our big towns and cities, is not designed to make what in brief we may call the good life easier of attainment. Secondly, recreation and cultural activities are not regarded as social services, in which the State should step in on a large scale as it has with education or health or social security. They are, apart from uninfluential and often frustrated "highbrow" groups, preponderantly in the hands of profit-making interests. What with football, racing, the cinema, the theatre, popular literature, holiday resorts, recreation is to-day one of the most profitable commercial rackets. That being so, standardization is encouraged, and this in turn encourages the spectator mentality: more and more people become passive consumers of amusement, instead of active participants in recreation. Thirdly, our society has not attained social self-consciousness. One half of it does not know how the other half lives; except in times of war, there is little national feeling; and there is a sad absence of group awareness, group pride, or group expression in the cities and towns and rural districts of which the nation is made up. I spoke earlier of the "wantlessness of the people": to know what we might enjoy, as individuals and as a community, and to have the conscious will to get it, is another essential element, now lacking, in social self-consciousness.

Let us try to glimpse some of the promises that the future might hold. The most concrete concerns deliberate planning for recreation and expression. J. B. Priestley once said that modern Britain is an urban civilization without any urban culture. Nearly three-quarters of its people live in towns: yet our towns are so unplanned that they put obstacles in the way of their citizens enjoying not merely the good life, but many of the elementary decencies of existence. The first step is for us to realize that a city need not be a frustrater of life: it can be, among other things, a mechanism for enhancing life, for producing possibilities of living which are not to be realized except through cities. But for that to happen, deliberate and drastic planning is needed. Towns, as much as animals, must have their systems of organs—those for transport and circulation are an obvious example. What we need now are organ-systems for recreation, leisure, culture, community expression. This means smoke-prevention, abundance of open space, easy access to unspoilt nature, beauty in parks and in fine buildings, gymnasia and swimming baths and recreation grounds in plenty, central spaces for celebrations and demonstrations,

halls for citizens' meetings, concert halls and theatres and cinemas that belong to the city. And the buildings must not be built anyhow or dumped down anywhere; both they and their groupings should mean something important to the people of the place. For the majority of boroughs to-day, the only civic centre is the town hall, which to most people means merely a building that you occasionally have to visit on some tiresome business. But a real city centre would be a place to which people would be coming and going all the time on all kinds of errands of life—with its public halls, its schools (themselves grown into community centres instead of just collections of classrooms), its theatre and cinema, its market, its swimming baths, its art gallery and its library; and the whole planned as something to be proud of, designed round its central square, and adjoining its park and its tennis courts and recreation grounds.

The Town Hall at Stockholm has been called one of the modern wonders of the world. At any rate, the people of Stockholm are intensely proud of it, and it means a great deal to them. We want this same feeling in our cities, but extended to all the organs and expressions of fuller living.

And do not let us forget beauty. In this England of ours to-day, people have got so used to commercialism that they fight shy of even thinking about beauty. But beauty can play a very concrete part in life. I lived for a time in Oxford; I must confess that the one satisfaction of life in Oxford which I really miss in London was the opportunity it provided of finding beauty on every hand—in the streets, in the College buildings, in the gardens. And it was a very solid satisfaction, which made life easier to live.

But besides the satisfaction of that sort of beauty, there is the satisfaction of art. By art I do not mean merely collections of old masters, or new masters for that matter, essential as they are (one of the deprivations of wartime London is the absence of good pictures—not being able to dash in to the National Gallery or the Tate for half an hour and come out refreshed); I mean living art, including architecture, used as part of the community's way of expressing itself. In Italy in the 14th, 15th and early 16th centuries, cities vied with each other in their buildings, their sculpture, their pictures, their frescoes. The church of St. Anthony at Padua was built because the Paduans wanted a building to rival St. Mark's at Venice; great masters like Michelangelo and Leonardo were bribed

away from one place to another by powerful patrons eager to outshine their rivals.

In America under the New Deal, numbers of artists were employed to design frescoes and pictures and mosaics for post-offices and railway stations and the like, so that the U.S.A. is the only large modern democracy to have even the beginnings of a public art. In this, as in many other ways, the smaller democracies are in the lead. Sweden and especially Mexico, for instance, have a well-developed public art.

Art, if it is good art, is the effective expression of a vital experience. As such, it helps people to discover certain aspects of life that they could not be expected to discover for themselves. And it can also, if it is in harmony with the times, help a community or a nation to express itself and to become more fully conscious of itself. If it is regarded by many people as mere highbrow dilettantism, that is because our commercial-minded individualist society has refused it its true social place. Our new order must not repeat that mistake.

This links up with the idea of recreation and culture as social services. During the war, a beginning has been made with this, by organizations such as C.E.M.A. and E.N.S.A., which provide concerts, travelling exhibitions of art and architecture, and the like. In the United States, in the early days of the New Deal, a great deal was done along these lines under the W.P.A.—the writers' and artists' and theatre projects. The theatre project indeed began to create new types of popular drama like the Living Newspaper, which undoubtedly stimulated social self-consciousness. But unfortunately (as it seems to many of us) most of these activities have now been abolished.

What the future may bring forth we cannot know. But we do know that human beings can attain some of their richer satisfaction through art and music, whether in creating, performing, or enjoying it; and that there is no reason why the rich patrons of earlier centuries should not be replaced by the state, by city governments, by big corporations. There is no reason why, within a generation, the life of Britain should not be vivified by art and satisfying ritual as the life of Western European nations was vivified in the late Middle Ages and the early Renaissance.

Finally, besides the satisfactions of service and of expression, there is that of creation. I have said a word about the professional artist, whose creativeness is too often frustrated and inhibited under our present system. But exhibitions of children's art, such as those organized in recent years

by the L.C.C., demonstrate what reservoirs of talent and what opportunities for self-expression are hidden in the ordinary child; while the few tentative experiments that have been made show that a great many adults, if given the opportunity, could find satisfaction (like Mr. Churchill) in painting, just for the sake of finding an outlet for the creative impulse, without bothering about exhibiting their work.

However, the creative spirit can find outlets in innumerable other ways than in art. Private hobbies are often, in our present type of society, the only outlet for creative self-expression. If a man could indulge his hobby by contributing to some communal project, he would find a double satisfaction. Work too can become more satisfying if it satisfies the creative impulse and if those who work feel that they are creating something for themselves and for the community at large, not merely for their employers or for the State. In the most general terms, the more the private profit motive is socialized and made to take a back seat in relation to the common good, and the more the community becomes conscious of itself as a community, the more satisfaction will quite ordinary people find in quite ordinary work. They will find satisfaction in proportion as they feel that they are helping to build something which belongs to them in common with all the rest of the people, or in common with all the rest of their particular group. That spirit is manifest in every kind of professional pride; it contributed a great deal to the success that Soviet Russia has achieved (and there have been many successes as well as many failures); it was at work in Nazi Germany. It could be operative in democracies like Britain or the United States. Perhaps we need a four-year or a five-year plan for Britain, with clearly defined social objectives. But there is no doubt that the creative spirit could and should be harnessed in any new order that we envisage.

These are a few glimpses, as my own groping vision sees them, of what the new order of social man might look like after the old concept of economic man has gone into the discard. Many people, I am sure, will say that such a type of society is contrary to human nature. On that point, however, I am equally sure, speaking as a biologist, that they are wrong. For one thing, the majority of human beings always begin by regarding any large change as contrary to nature, human or otherwise. Then, if it is said that personal self-interest and the economic profit motive are the only incentives that will get things done, that is contrary to experience. Not only

Hitler's success in inspiring fanatical enthusiasm in a powerful minority of Germans, but our own reaction in Britain since Mr. Churchill told us that he had nothing to offer but blood and toil, tears and sweat, demonstrates the strength of incentives like sacrifice and devotion. To speak from my professional knowledge, the life of the great majority of scientists is a demonstration that men and women of more than average qualities are willing to spend their lives without hope of more than a very moderate income, because their work is interesting and creative and they feel that it is useful. The struggling artist is a demonstration of the strength of the urge to self-expression; and Russia's and Germany's five- and four-year plans are proof of the power of large-scale social constructiveness.

It has been England's boast that since the Norman conquest she has evolved by creative compromise where other nations have been subject to violent revolutions. We are now faced with perhaps the severest test in our history. Can we effect the drastic transformation from the age of economic man to the age of social man, from individualist *laissez faire* to a highly organized society, by evolutionary means, without violence or civil war? And can we effect it in such a way as not only to remain democratic but to raise democracy to new and heightened expression?

No one can tell. There are powerful forces working against any such change. But there are also reservoirs of sanity and idealism that can be mobilized for it. Democracy will have to struggle hard to survive and to transform itself; it will have to struggle against enemies within as well as enemies without. But at the moment it is still very much alive. There are still plenty of grounds for hope, and plenty of opportunities for work in the service of that hope.

REFORM IN ENGLISH EDUCATION

By H. C. Dent

AMONG the post-war changes in the social order of this country already being planned is a reconstruction of the English state system of education. The President of the Board of Education, Mr. Herwald Ramsbotham, has outlined the policy he hopes to carry through, indicating three main lines of advance to be undertaken as soon as possible after the war; and his officials at the Board have been for some time engaged in formulating more detailed proposals to serve as a basis for discussion of educational replanning with local education authorities and the teachers' representatives.

"It is my personal belief," Mr. Ramsbotham told a large gathering of London teachers on May 12, "that the country will expect the planning of our education for the post-war world to be conceived on bold and generous lines. I do not think that the proposals, when they see the light of day, will be deemed to err on the side of timidity or excessive caution. You will look, I think, for something more than mere developments within the existing framework, and will expect that education shall offer an equality of opportunity really consonant with the ideals of our democratic society."

No fairer preface to the book of the new order in education could well be written. To what extent do the contents of the book, in so far as they have been revealed, live up to this preface? In particular, what relevance have they to its concluding sentence, which exactly expresses just what is expected by everyone who realizes and deplores the fundamental anomalies, defects, inadequacies and injustices of the existing system?

The President's three main lines of advance are:—

1. At the earliest possible date after the war, the raising of the school leaving age to 15 with no exemptions at 14 for 'beneficial employment'; and later, the raising of the leaving age to 16.
2. The establishment, concurrently if possible with the raising of the leaving age to 15, of Day Continuation Schools for the age group 15-18.

3. The reform and expansion of the secondary school system so that a secondary education of a type suitable to their varying capacities is made available for every child from the age of 11.

In addition, passages in recent speeches of the President or of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, Mr. J. Chuter Ede (whose words presumably have the President's sanction and approval), suggest that other reforms are intended or considered desirable; notably

1. All rate and state aided education given over 11 years of age to come under the regulations governing secondary schools.
2. The recruitment and training of teachers to be improved.
3. The existing system of local administration by two grades of local education authorities—Part II having control over all forms of education in their areas, and Part III controlling elementary education only—to be revised to give uniformity of control throughout the country.

From somewhat vaguer or more guarded passages in these speeches it would appear reasonable to infer that other changes would not be frowned upon, or at least are not considered altogether beyond the bound of practical politics. Among these are:—

1. Transfer of the non-provided elementary schools (mainly owned by religious denominations) to the State.
2. Bringing into relation or association with the State system of the independent public schools.
3. Revision of the existing system of grants from the central exchequer to the local education authorities.

If all the above changes were to be effected the resultant system would certainly be a substantial improvement on the present one. It would still not represent a new order in English education, nor bring any near approach to an equality of opportunity for all truly consonant with the ideals of a genuine democracy. It could not, because, in spite of Mr. Ramsbotham's brave words, these changes are neither bold nor generous; they are no more than "mere developments within the existing framework," with the possible addition of a small annexe or two. They represent a policy of reconditioning, not of reconstruction. There is no scrap of evidence to show that they are put forward as the result of a comprehensive and considered survey of the existing educational system (which is anything but democratic) and of the place, purpose, range and scope of public education in a community desiring to order its existence on genuinely democratic lines. There is every evidence that—however unconsciously—they are offered (or suggested) largely as a sop to Cerberus. They are not most

of them advances in any true sense of the term; they are concessions which it is felt cannot much longer be refused. Of the three "main lines of advance" which constitute the President's declared policy two (the raising of the school leaving age and Day Continuation Schools) have already been secured by Act of Parliament, and the third has virtually been secured by the brilliant if usually unacknowledged experimental work of hundreds of teachers over a period of many years. The other changes comprise a small selection only from the many overdue reforms long pressed for by educationists. Altogether these proposed, suggested, or inferred reforms leave untouched far more of the educational field than they cover, and they go to the root of the matter precisely nowhere, because they ignore completely the implications of the term "equality of opportunity."

There comes a time in the history of every community when radical changes in its social order are obligatory if the community is to continue to progress, or even to exist as a living force. Frequently the community is unable to make the required effort; its strength is spent, its virility gone. Even if this be not the case, circumstances may make reform impossible. Very rarely does it happen that there comes a moment when need and circumstances conspire to make opportunity for and point the way to social change. Such a moment, I believe, is at hand for the British people. If we seize the opportunity we shall go ahead to a more glorious and beneficent future than we have ever known. But the condition of success is absolute; we must purge society of its inequalities and injustices, and we must do so ruthlessly and wholeheartedly. No mere tinkering with or adapting the existing machine, no policy of reconditioning, will serve; only reconstruction, in the fullest sense of the term, will suffice. In particular, two major causes of inequality in the social order must be cut clean away; the gross maldistribution of wealth and the rigid horizontal stratification of society.

Unless, as in Nazi Germany, it is deliberately designed to alter the structure and ethos of society, a national system of education always reflects the society which has created it. The present education system of England very accurately reflects English society. The evil in this lies not so much in the fact that in effect there are two education systems in the country, one for the privileged, the other for the rest; though this in itself is thoroughly bad. In a free democracy there is no *a priori* reason why individual citizens should not reject the state-

provided education for their sons and daughters and purchase for them a private education (though it should be considered slightly disloyal to do so), provided that that private education be recognized as efficient and that its ideals and aims are in line with those of the state-provided system, which presumably reflects the ideals and aims of society as a whole. The evil lies in the fact that in this country the privately provided system of education, admission to which is in theory open to all but in practice is strictly limited to an almost completely closed circle, has bred during the past century an exclusive social caste, which in defiance of the principles of democracy holds fast the key to political, social and economic power, and that this caste, being, as Mr. Geoffrey Vickers so acutely and accurately noted in THE FORTNIGHTLY,* "recognizable not by a common gait of 'leadership,' not by a common bloom of culture, but by a common set of attitudes towards the business of individual and social living" finds itself impelled by reason of that set of attitudes—unconsciously, no doubt in most instances, and simply because its horizon is strictly limited by it—to check and frustrate the vertical development of the State-provided education system whenever it threatens an upward thrust, and to ensure that in any case it shall be halted at a level well below that of its own privileged system. These are hard words, but they must be spoken, and it must be added that in this so far successful attempt to perpetuate social inequality privilege has always found a powerful and more consciously purposeful ally in industry, ever anxious to preserve an ample supply of juvenile, and therefore cheap, labour. This is the over-ruling problem of English education to-day.

Until it is solved there can be no chance of equality of opportunity for the children of this country, for it spreads far beyond the field of education into every department of national life. Yet its cure, as its root, lies in education, in the inculcation of a nationally common set of attitudes. It is idle to pretend that the present proposals of the Board of Education offer any solution. The suggestion I have noted above as having been made that the independent public schools should be brought into relation or association with the State educational system is quite empty so long as the school leaving age remains nothing but one associate but the compulsory end of secondary education is the other—and one need hardly underline the fact that the latter represents 80 per cent. of the child population. This fact appears not to have been noticed at the Board of

*October 1941.

Education; and that is one of the chief reasons why I maintain that their proposals evidently do not proceed from an comprehensive survey of society and of education as a whole in England.

The people of this country are demanding a more equitable social order. The only course for those who are entrusted with the planning of it is to make an honest survey of the present order, to face up to every one of its inequities and injustices and to draw up proposals which may be expected to eliminate them. In the field of education, which because of its very nature must be a key tool in any reconstruction of society, the premisses from which the survey must start are that what is desired is a planned society based on democratic principles; that a fundamental principle of democracy is full and unfettered opportunity for each and every individual to develop to the utmost his innate ability, bodily, mental and spiritual, in his threefold capacity as human personality, citizen of a free and equal community, and producer of wealth; that education embraces all forms of organized training directed toward realization of that opportunity; and that as the human being is capable of learning and being trained at all ages, a national system of education must offer facilities to every member of the community throughout his life. It will readily be appreciated how far short of satisfying those premisses the present English state system of education falls; and that even a coalescence of the existing State system, the public school system, and the varied and valuable contributions made by voluntary bodies to childhood, adolescent, and adult education would still fall grievously short. Our conception of the purpose and scope of education is still too limited; a wider and deeper one is necessary. Into that conception all that is good in the present can be fitted; there will yet be needed much that is new.

Since human beings are capable of learning and being trained throughout life, a community desiring its members to be able to develop to the full their abilities must be prepared to offer them facilities for education at all ages. But the needs of the individual are not the same throughout; nor is his status in the community. Chronologically, his life is divided into two periods; minority and full citizenship. During his minority he is—or should be—regarded as in a state of tutelage. For this reason the emphasis in education during this period must be on preparation for the duties, responsibilities and privileges of adult life; and since minority is a period of immaturity the

plan of education can justly be based on the principle of compulsion. During the period of full citizenship—or from a physiological point of view of maturity—the emphasis should be on the increase of knowledge and skill, and the co-ordination of these with a ripening experience of life, to the end that the individual may enjoy the utmost amplitude of personal life and make the most valuable contribution to the community. Ideally, the grant to the individual of full citizenship, which implies recognition by the community of his having arrived at a state of mature responsibility, should automatically eliminate any question of compulsion; but in the earlier stages at least of a planned society it is doubtful whether it would be advisable to assume this. The tradition that a citizen (or even a minor as soon as he is released from the obligation to attend school) has the unquestionable right to ignore or refuse any educational facility offered him is far too deep-rooted. It leads, as we have every reason to know, to a vast mass of avoidable mental and moral deterioration, inefficiency and slackness. I believe it to be both the right and the duty of a planned democracy to require that every adult member of the community shall maintain minimal standards of physical and mental education; and to be prepared to apply compulsion if necessary.

Clearly, since in this country full citizenship is granted at the age of 21, the responsibility of the community for its children's education cannot be considered to end before that age. At present it ends at 14; the Board of Education are proposing it be continued until 15, with a partial supervision between 15 and 18. It should include the whole of the first 21 years; at present it is not effectively taken up until the age of five. This is an unjustifiable shirking of responsibility. I would have a Ministry of Youth responsible for the welfare and education of all boys and girls up to 21. The upbringing of the nation's childhood is, in my opinion, a responsibility which cannot without prejudice to its efficiency be divided. Consequently health, schooling, vocational training and preparation for citizenship would all come within the purview of the Minister for Youth. Otherwise, no adequate policy can be planned nor systematic education carried through. At present the Board of Education and the local education authorities are fatally handicapped in their work because they can never be sure in what state—physically, mentally or socially—a child will reach them at the age of five, nor what will happen to him after 14. It is well known—and utterly deplorable—that a large proportion of children enter

school physically defective, mentally backward, or socially u trained (often all three), and that exploitation by industry juvenile labour, or the still more disintegrating effect of tha prolonged unemployment which a largely unordered and quit unscientific transition from the world of school to that industry permits, can, and all too frequently does, completel annihilate the beneficent effect of nine years' compulsor schooling within two or three years.

The placing of responsibility for every aspect of the entir period of tutelage in the hands of the Minister for Youth shoul put an end to all this. It would alter radically current con ceptions of the place of the minor in society, transforming hin from a "little wage earner" to a citizen in training; and o the nature of education for children and young people. I would become possible not only to have a definite aim fo education, but to pursue this with confidence in a coherent comprehensive and detailed sequence. The aim might b roughly defined as the bringing to maturity of healthy, happy boys and girls of good physique and constitution, with thei mental and spiritual capacities fully and finely developed possessing a practical working knowledge of some trade industry or profession, and a similar knowledge of the privi leges, rights, responsibilities, duties and obligations of citizen ship. There would be both time and opportunity in which t compass this aim. At present there is neither; there is no rea opportunity to lay foundations, while the formal education o 80 per cent. of the nation's children ends before they are old enough to appreciate the value of much of the training th above aim implies and, in spite of chronic congestion of the school curriculum, before it can be presented to them even in outline. With 21 years instead of nine against which to plan the pace and intensity of the instructional side of education (at present a menace to body, mind and soul) could be slackened, the lunatic and criminal cramming for competitive and dis criminatory examinations abolished, and due attention given to the cultural, aesthetic and spiritual aspects—in short, the scope, value and interest of education immeasurably increased.

The divisions of school life could be simplified and placed end to end. It would be possible to have some such sequence as the following: For children up to two or two and a half full or part-time nurseries like (though better equipped and staffed) those now being provided for the children of employed mothers. From two to seven (not five as at present) the nursery school, with its emphasis on health and hygiene and

on social and occupational training. From seven to thirteen or fourteen a junior school course covering elementary education and giving much time to pre-adolescent activities. Then the senior school—but here a new terminology becomes necessary, for the word school implies for most people a very precise concept, and the senior school of my imagining would be very far removed from that. The school building would be, so to speak, the hub of a wheel with many spokes and a large circumference. Much of the education would be done outside it, in specialized buildings and in industrial, commercial, professional and civic establishments, but the school would remain the centre from which all activities were inspired and directed, round which all revolved, and to which all members of the school community returned from time to time to share a common basic education and communal interests which would form the inner core of an infinitely varied education plan. This senior school would comprehend all existing forms of post-primary education, the day continuation school, learnership, apprenticeship, preparation for the professions, and most of what is now called the Service of Youth. The leaving age for all pupils of the same sex would be the same (on physiological grounds that for girls might be put earlier than that for boys), and would be not less than 18; but the term "leaving age" would not have the same connotation as it has to-day. Now, it implies for most children an abrupt passage from one world into another; then, it would simply mean passage to a further stage in the educative process. This stage, as I see it, would be a period of service to the community, of not less than twelve months and probably not more than eighteen. This period again must not be thought of in terms of present day military service, or labour camps; the opportunities would cover the entire range of civilized life. Finally, there would come a probationary period of a year or more in a gainful occupation, but still under the supervision of the Ministry of Youth. Up till 21 the boy or girl, whenever he went into any industrial establishment, would go as a trainee sent by the education authority. The present state of affairs, in which he is released by authority for education, would be exactly reversed.

Where, it may be asked, does the university come in this plan for the education of children and youth? The answer is, it does not; it comes outside it, in the sphere of adult education. That sphere, which would be supervised by a separate Ministry, I need treat but very briefly, since it has recently been dealt with brilliantly in *The Future in Education* by Sir Richard Living-

stone, with whose proposals I am in principle entirely in accord. But the advantages of deferring university education until after 21, of refraining from making it available until the candidate has had experience of life as a worker earning a living and thus of making it a fully adult option, instead of a social obligation or a step-ladder to a career, seem to merit special mention. Needless to say, this deferment implies the opening of the universities—the number of which should be increased by the elevation to university status of technical, art and commercial colleges—to all capable of profiting from university education. Otherwise it loses most of its point.

This sketch of a new order in English education will doubtless be condemned by many as utopian, impractical, subversive, communist, fascist, or Heath-Robinsonian, according to the attitude of mind of the reader who disapproves of it. All such epithets will leave me unmoved. As to what is or is not practicable in education, I suggest that merely destructive critics find out what China has done, not after but during a war in which her territory has been devastated as that of no European country has yet been. They will learn that there are no limits to what is practicable, provided a community desires with sufficient intensity an ideal and is prepared to work sufficiently hard to achieve it. I can honestly affirm that I am inspired by no political creed save that of a passionate love of England and an equally passionate desire that all her children may have the opportunity to enjoy the wealth, both material and spiritual, which she holds in such vast store. And educationally I claim that my proposals are in full line with English tradition. Nursery, preparatory school, public school, university: it is all very familiar—to a few. Why not a similar sequence, such as that outlined above, for all? "When this war is won," said the Prime Minister at Harrow last December, "it must be one of our aims to work for the establishment of a state of society where the advantages and privileges which hitherto have been enjoyed only by the few shall be far more widely shared by the men and youth of the nation as a whole." I know no finer aim.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

By George Catlin

"MARXISM pretends only to temporary truth," wrote Rosa Luxembourg with unexpected wisdom; "dialectic through and through, it contains in itself the seeds of its own destruction." Marxism, in brief, now awaits its own supercession—by whatever can embody its truths together with the truths it ignored.

Indubitably Marx was a great man. Perhaps he was as great a man as Darwin, although his approach to science was totally different. Darwin had nothing to ask of science save the skill to learn more. Marx told the social sciences *a priori* what results they must reach in the interests of the class war and of his metaphysic. Few students will agree with Engels that Marx's theory "was destined to do for history what Darwin's theory has done for biology," unless we are concerned, not with the objective study of the facts, but with the practical repercussions of a theory—in this case, the theory of Dialectical Materialism. The methods were so radically different.

Marx was a great man as have been Mahomet, Napoleon and Hitler; but science does not advance by quoting the texts of great authorities. That is what is generally charged against scholasticism, from which natural science broke loose. At least the scholastics had the excuse that their final authorities were regarded as infallibly inspired. Marx, on the contrary, in many of his expositions, was probably merely wrong. Biology does not advance by rapping heads on the ground before an image of Darwin. Darwin himself said: "I had also during many years followed a golden rule, namely, that whenever a published fact, a new observation or thought came across me, which was *opposed* to my general results, to make a memorandum of it without fail and at once." If necessary the scientists would cheerfully throw Darwin overboard for the sake of the spirit of Darwin. In sharp contrast to this is the demand that only that science shall be regarded as orthodox that fits in with Dialectical Materialism. A Pavlov was so eminent that, in Russia, he might be tolerated to criticize—but woe betide the

lesser Pavlovs, the little Galileos. Woe betide a Jeans or Eddington. Still more rigid are the restrictions in the social sciences. In a famous letter to the *New Statesman*, this was explained by Mr. Pat Sloan. Why, he asked, write about Plato when we now know better? Sociology, however, will not advance by rapping heads on the ground before an image of Marx. But to suggest any contingency on which Marx might be bundled overboard is an unthinkable blasphemy to the essentially theological spirit of the Marxists. What Marx wrote against the background of an economics-obsessed and competitive century is to stand as final wisdom. The jocular aside of Marx—"I am not a Marxist"—is not of their mood. We, however, have to live with the Marxists, not Marx. They are, in Mr. Voigt's words, the obscurantists of to-day. As who should say, "I gotta horse," they have got a doctrine, complete, systematic, final, oppressive.

We reject this mental tyranny. After the war I believe that there will be a widespread revolt against labels, systems, tidy doctrines. Men will ask first "What are the results, here and now?" They have been "led up the garden path" enough, and are tired of it. How indeed, one asks oneself, did the Marxist theologians, with their dogmas of class war and world civil war, first come to enjoy in this country this great power and influence, so contrary to our native traditions of experiment and give-and-take?

The intellectual history of the last two decades has been, in far larger measure than it should have been, a waste land. It has been a frontier land between two world wars, the one preceded by the Victorian affirmations and the lush Edwardian years and the other succeeded by—the future. The 1920's were marked by a "post war disillusionment of youth," often the excuse for a brassy cynicism. It sapped and threw down the bulwarks of the old tradition. It was the age of D. H. Lawrence, the young Aldous Huxley, Noel Coward, C. E. M. Joad, the "New Education." The 1930's were characterized by increasing fright. Neither of these periods was, in morals or culture, a great epoch. It was during the second that the Marxists, who had never made even a dint in the days of Marx's residence here, gained the upper hand in intellectually fashionable quarters. Strachey and Auden were the new lights.

Since 1930 and the Great Depression the Marxists have been all the vogue. They dilated over the traitorous nature of "gradualism" and "opportunism." Ramsay Macdonald's backsliding gave them a supreme chance of declaiming that

Cox is the friend, not Box—and that they had always said that Box would do just that. The traditional assurance of British Labourism was badly shaken. Even the Trade Union ranks momentarily wavered. The full, entire Marxist doctrine, then men urged, disregarded too long thanks to British incapacity to think, provided the key that could open all the doors of economic frustration due to impending capitalist collapse. Russia, now emerged from the abysmal miseries and starvations of her civil war and of the days when even the Red Kronstadt sailors cried "Down with the Bolsheviks," stood there as the great exemplar. It was true that Russia assisted the solution of the unemployment problem, never grave in that great agricultural country, by having one of the greatest armies in the world which kept Germany in a ferment of alarm and of which the threat was exploited on every other German placard. Other countries also sought—having nothing like a Siberia to develop—to solve their unemployment problems by militaristic means. On the other hand, in America Mr. Roosevelt's "New Deal" did something to alleviate the crisis. Capitalism of a sort, with many social concessions, got on to its feet again in Britain and the United States.

This, however, was contrary to theory. These ameliorations the Marxists held must necessarily be merely temporary—paid for out of the surplus profits of boom that would not recur on the old scale and of a shrinking imperialism. The existing system in the West had now less money and latitude to allow for social improvements without bankrupting itself. The seeming willingness to concede and change was illusory. The order of which the Anglo-Saxon world was the especial expression was doomed. That a new imperialism seemed to be taking the place of the old imperialism was ignored. Italian Fascism was a trivial aberration—a cheap sideshow. It is amazing how slow the Marxist "intelligentzia" were to recognize the real significance of National Socialism as something that could not be brushed on one side as insane and insignificant vaporings. The wavering twilight of prosperity in those days was confidently ascribed to the breakdown of individualism and not to the international uncertainty. If the latter was allowed for, it could be demonstrated that it was "inevitably" due itself—"inevitably" was the great word—to this breakdown of the Nineteenth Century system as prophesied in the gospel according to Marx. No bourgeois League of Nations, built on false principles, could arrest the development.

Quite abruptly the Marxist pundits awoke to the fact that German National Socialism could not be ignored by superiorly informed persons or put down, with a pin through its thorax, as a catalogued specimen, labelled "Death Rattle of Capitalism." Stalin still nourished the hope of continuing the Rapallo policy and regarded the Western Powers, who years before had fought the Revolution at Murmansk, as the chief long-term enemy. "Let Hitler alone, he is the best short-cut to a proletarian revolution in Germany," said Stalin. However, as safeguard, Litvinov was sent off to the bourgeois League to see what could be done, not without the malicious thought of embarrassing the hypocrite Powers by demanding general disarmament. The Powers, as might have been expected, viewing a very successful piece of secret re-armament, did not feel in that mood. Marxist theory had a paper victory.

Marxist theory had, however, a blue print for the entire situation. If Naziism was the "death struggle of capitalism," then Naziism must be regarded as a paroxysmic form of capitalism, faked up and subsidized by rich men. The French who (unlike the stupid British) were logical thinkers could be brought to see that. They would oppose it. M. d'Olivet was sent on mission. In talking to the bourgeois, the thing to press for was a League of Collective Security against German menace. But, for all that, robust capitalism in its Western citadels was no less dangerous—Stalin might continue to think it even more dangerous—than capitalism in its last "death struggle." Now, about this kind of contingency, Lenin had given the clearest instruction. While Mr. Bernard Shaw publicly suggested that Socialists of all kinds should get together—Social Democrats and National Socialists, Mosley and Morrison—Marxists of the *sang pur* were busy seeing that the bourgeois of all kinds were divided. Lenin, as long ago as 1920, wrote out three conditions of a successful Marxo-Communist Revolution for all who could read to see. They were (i) an active class-conscience leadership, (ii) a mass movement capable of being roused, (iii) a discredited or hesitant governing class. "The ruling class should experience a government crisis which draws into politics even the most backward masses . . . renders the government impotent and makes it possible for the revolutionaries quickly to overthrow it. In England . . . (these) conditions for the successful proletarian revolution are obviously maturing." (Lenin: *Left-Wing Communism*). Organized marches of the unemployed to London might help. But the ideal condition, as in Russia, was clearly the discredit-

ing of the bourgeois government in war. As the *Daily Worker* wrote recently: "In reply to those who said 'fight for the Russian capitalists because otherwise you will fall under the heel of the German capitalists,' Lenin said, 'the alternative is false, choose neither, but unite your forces and establish the power of the people.' That was over twenty-two years ago."

We thus got a strange tactical situation where the "fellow-travellers" thought they were travelling in one direction to the assault on Naziism as the death-mania of capitalism, whereas the inner guard, at heart entirely "defeatist," might suspect that the Marxist movement was actually going in another, to produce the stalemate of the bourgeois Powers. Here is the explanation of the obscure practical paradox which ended in the Communist reversal of policy after the declaration of war in September, 1939. The British Marxists and their neophytes cheerfully and confidently marched up the road, under orders, and used all their influence with the Liberals-in-the-wilderness and others to get the country to follow them. But other counsels were under discussion in Moscow. The patriotic British case for decisive support to the Spanish Republican Government rested on the age-old policy of the Cardinal de Richelieu—that one cannot allow Germans on both the Rhine and the Pyrenees. Instead of decision here, in Britain, what prevailed was "governing class" hesitation. But, oddly enough, the U.S.S.R. itself certainly neither gave all-out aid nor was prepared for its forces to fight in the last ditch. It chiefly gave that technical aid (not without value as a "try out" for itself) which it later offered in crisis to a Czechoslovakia at the point of perishing. The French Communist Party would not even declare against Non-Intervention. For the U.S.S.R., the Spanish civil war, with its enormities described by Hemingway, was "valuable as a propaganda lesson"—whether in the need for resistance to Fascism or, maybe, in the value of Russian military equipment. On Munich day, when the Government knew that France had no desire to fight even if Czechoslovakia were itself united, the "fellow travellers" (aided by those who saw a light in M. d'Olivet) picketed Whitehall with placards, "Do not let down Czechoslovakia." The inner guard could look upon this with grim satisfaction. The situation was ripening. It became quite impossible for Mr. Chamberlain to do that "second Munich" in Poland that his policy required. The issue was war. It was war by Britain for Poland (the traditional ally of the France of the *ancien régime*, be it said) of which Russia speedily stowed away half in her own maw.

The neophytes and Marxist "fellow-travellers" were men who would cheerfully gamble away a Commonwealth on a word. There was no limit to their irresponsibility—although the anonymously written book, *Guilty Men*, unaccountably omitted to include their names in its black list. They had seen a Vision on the Volga. They honestly and sincerely believed that Stalin was bound, with his legions, to march to the defence of the free. Madame Tabouis herself said so. Even the pact of Russia and Germany could not undeceive them. Surely Stalin was engaged on some super-subtle policy to lure Germany on. Russia's interest—and here many Conservatives who still thought in old terms of the national chess-board of Europe, gambled with them—was so clear. And had not Harry Pollitt only just written a pamphlet showing that this was the great crusade against Fascism, in which it was the duty of every proletarian to fight and of every decent man? Meanwhile the inner guard could reflect with satisfaction that Middle Europe and the Western Powers were irretrievably committed to war. The immediate risk of the impact of German war falling on Russia rather than on the West was averted. Russia was saved—at least for the time being. The West would give Hitler something to think about before he could turn East. The risk of the mutual exhaustion in war of the totalitarian powers was—as it seemed—at an end. The Soviet fatherland was for the moment safe, and may be Stalin would assist in carving up the bourgeois empires—even Irak, even India. Above all good Marxists could reflect—with befitting detachment from national ties other than Sovietic—that the bourgeois were in very deed engaged in a death struggle and a death rattle. There was humour in that Q.E.D. to the Marxist strategic conundrum. The bourgeois hadn't guessed that one. As for Stalin, in the Kremlin, he could certainly reflect that, if his interests were not perhaps precisely those of Russia, nevertheless, he was rid of the need to put too much power into the hands of ambitious, tricky generals and to try all on a throw. The Rapallo policy was best for a cautious man. To play for stalemate—and anyhow to play for time: there was the policy.

The neophytes were dumbfounded. Their plight was pathetic. For them indeed "the bell tolled." But, one asks how did these men, the arrogant, self-confident Marxist intelligentzia that had made the intellectual running for a decade, ever fall into such delusion? Was it merely a demonstration of the power of wishful thinking? For one thing, they were not alone. All those who lived still in the Triple Entente world

were with them. It was indeed quite true that a vigorous policy of alliance with Russia could have prevented war until 1936 or ensured victory. But that would have meant a Russia that was the captive of the Western Powers, or the subordinate partner as much as Russia was yesterday of Germany, and not the Russia whose policy was stalemate and bourgeois revolution. Whether Russia would have accepted the bourgeois basis of collaboration—it might have depended upon the size of the guns—or, alternatively, an undivided France have accepted the revolutionary basis is another matter. Russia preferred to end by sitting down at the conference at Zoppot—by a culminating irony, in Danzig territory—to concert the steps to be taken after the fall of Hellas, including Crete.

Further, the " fellow travellers " did feel that Russia was the great examplar, even under Stalin and the OGPU with the armed sentries on guard in the textile mills. Their minds recoiled from considering what the effect of this enthusiasm for Russian policy at all costs might be on their own countries. One recalls the phrase of Señor Schnake, Socialist Chilean Minister of Commerce: that the Comintern from which his local Communists took their instructions, cared for nothing save Russian peace and Russian tranquillity. It seems that there is wisdom beyond Peru. The day when the *New Statesman* could write " assuming that the U.S.S.R. becomes an open or remains a reluctant and partial ally of the Axis" had not, in its horror, yet dawned, in their wildest imagining, upon the comrades. They could of course understand the point of view of the comrade who said " It is my duty, therefore, to consider everything from the point of view of the interest of the Soviet Union." Mr. Gollancz wrote later, after the hour had struck, a desperate Open Letter, *Where Are You Going?* to remonstrate—but he also could understand. Some of the " fellow travellers " quite genuinely believed, as late as 1938-9, that collective security, with Russia in, could keep the actual peace. They talked on public platforms about " calling Hitler's bluff." Some had convinced themselves that " war was inevitable "—doubtless due to the capitalist system of which their own countries were in the eyes of Russia, beyond peradventure, part. " A very small minority," says shocked Mr. Gollancz in *The Betrayal of the Left*, " actually wanted war." War in the West would mean the postponement of the policy outlined in *Mein Kampf* and the march on Moscow—with or without the winter retreat from Moscow—when Hitler might strike first, in order to avoid Russia holding

the final trumps of power in an exhausted world. One wonders just where the minority was located—the top or the bottom? Was it among those who were blissfully ignorant of the chance of the Russian stab in the back—perhaps the 'tough idealists' of the Spanish International Brigade? Or was it also among those who had very fully calculated the effects of war upon the chances of the revolution, and who were inspired rather with hate of this country as "a bourgeois citadel" than by any consideration for her position under the conditions thought requisite for revolution—conditions of war and total exhaustion?

No one can ignore the appeal of Mr. John Strachey's *A Faith to Fight For*. We have to decide whether we are again prepared to follow "this most sophisticated of the younger writers" once again round the weary round of error or will reject this guide to error, however attractive the newest prospectus. Those of us who were in the last war, who have been through the bombardment of London and have been torpedoed at sea, are entitled to ask clarity and a modicum of judgment of young proletarian writers even if, to their credit, they are now serving officers. The bid for leadership is still being made by them. I can indeed understand far better the position of Mr. Shaw who goes the whole hog, sympathizes with Stalin's policy, says that Trade Unionism is anti-Socialist and declares that we are in Britain now on a race horse that "it is not well to starve especially if it is the wrong horse." At least there is here no deception—one knows where one is, although I confess to a delectable pleasure when I discover that Mr. Shaw, who has praised every police system in sight, of whatever coloured shirt, has had to entitle an article, published in America, "The Cops Won't Let Me Talk!" I find it far more difficult to forgive those who, when a mistake of judgment might mean the wreckage of a nation—of many nations—were "taken in," failed to see where they were going and yet, red in the face, were exhorting others to follow. That, in would-be intellectual leaders, is entirely beyond pardon. "Hitler now," it seems they said to themselves, "stands where the Tzar's government stood—it can't be that the Soviets will agree with Hitler." But was not the West, rather than Hitler, the old established bourgeois régime? Was not that régime to be upset by the method of "raising to consciousness the class-war" (no: not *Kampf*, 'struggle', but 'war'), of which we see the latest harvest in the strikes in contemporary America? Was not the exhortation, from the Zimmerwald Conference on,

to fight the government at home? "Ah! But Lenin said that over twenty years ago." To what purpose, then, the fingering of little red booklets to explain to the benighted, in columns of print, all Lenin said? To what purpose the endless quotings of this new Holy Writ? Did they say:—"All this Lenin said twenty years ago. It does not apply now?" They did not. They refused to reckon that Stalin might be a better Leninist than they had thought. It was, among others, *they*, the bourgeois supporters, whom Stalin aimed to bring down. To adapt Strachey's phrase, "Stalin's knife was at their silly throats." That Stalin himself played too fine a skin-game, that the *Mein Kampf* policy remained, did not affect their error about what Stalin would do, now or later, if he were not too frightened in his Munichcering to do anything save wait and play for time—perhaps play for time all too long. At least this was sure, that Stalin would not deflect his policy by one iota from infatuation with their *beaux yeux*.

I do not wish to urge "doing a Stalin" on Stalin, although he richly deserves it. Our task is simple if grim: to look to our own defences; to maintain the standard of living of our folk if we are now lucky enough; to maintain our traditions. "I am sure I shall not be misled when . . . I consult the genius of the English constitution."

After this war I am confident that we are going to see immense economic changes—and, because economic, therefore social changes. I do not believe that these will come guided by some Marxist theory. The changes will be specific and concrete. If any theory or idea be required as guide amid the limited choices left by war—and some such creative idea of the new order there will be—it is likely to be as response to the immediate sense of community and fraternity and to the immediate intuition of what is decent. The new order is likely, by all odds, to be dismal enough for everyone concerned: there will be no lands for heroes to live in. We shall need to come closer together in our exigency. Progress will not be spelled with a capital P. The Wellsianism will be inverted and counter-clock-wise. The demand will be passionately for a simpler life and for a simpler ritual of human enjoyments in a society where all are just common men. We shall be content with less, in part because we have to be and, in part, because we will to be so content. We shall be more equal; the little man will have some little benefits; and morally we shall find it more satisfactory that way. Every political system of the last thirty years has been more equalitarian than what went before.

The trouble will be to assure a system that is also more human. We require an affirmation of the basic values.

Who shall lead us in this future now to come? Not, I think, those who have led us during these thirty years. Not those who, for whatever reasons and whatever the issue of the post-mortems and the recriminations between "the guilty men" and "the innocent men," have been our mental guides into the second world war in thirty years—not the imperialists or the advocates of class-war or the apologists of irrationalism and brisk exponents of the age-old "new morality." Not Lenin or the Freudians—no, nor D. H. Lawrence, nor Auden, nor Joad, even although Mr. Joad, whose early writings were scarcely constructive of Christian morals, now thinks we must return to the Christian virtues. It will scarcely be orthodox protestant Christianity as hitherto expounded. Oddly enough I think that Mr. Shaw (not T. E. but the other; although either would do) more nearly expresses the mood of the future than any man now outstanding in this country. I think it will be an age ruthless in those matters on which it has made up its mind and intolerant of fake. I think and hope that it will have small respect for wealth and much for ability and physical prowess. It will have humility of spirit in things not known and it will, without hesitation when the purpose needs it, "exalt them of low degree." It will efficiently encourage science, natural and (I hope) social. It will trust peoples in their polls more than parliaments and party hacks and party-spies. Nevertheless, parties will be for the future like churches. It will have a new and strong sense of social justice; but it will deal starkly with the men who try to stir up for alien purposes dissension in a community where none is. It will abolish hereditary titles awarded for meat-packing; but it will rather encourage a worship of good ancestors and a *pietas* of the family. If, with Gandhi, it sets out to abolish war, it will do it rather in the mood of the great fierce ascetics or of the assassinated Lincoln than of an easy and lache humanitarian "love." It will do it because it regards civilization as more important than politicians and their quarrels of state. Above all it will honour brave men, men of integrity and those who in their virtues and manner of living show that they grasp the meaning for morals of the Grand Tradition in history. It will be led out of the valley by sober leaders of this mood, well-knit men, to ring the bells of the future.

FRANZ VON PAPEN—NAZI

By Norman Ebbutt

NEITHER Hitler, nor Göring, nor Goebbels, nor Himmler, nor the lesser fry of Nazi Paladins, have I chosen to make my theme. I have chosen Franz von Papen, one-time Chancellor of Germany, aristocrat, amateur diplomat—amateur but not always wrong—intriguer to his finger-tips. Hitler, Göring, Goebbels, and Himmler, not to speak of Ribbentrop and some others, are perfectly simple Nazis; and in this second year of war all England, and the Commonwealth of British nations too, knows what they deserve.

But von Papen, some say, is a different kettle of fish. So different that when the inevitable end is achieved and the Nazis are driven into outer darkness, we might be disposed to negotiate with von Papen speaking in the name of Germany. For he is rich, but not as the Nazi are rich, with the spoils of victory or the plunder of private fortunes or of public funds. He is rich by inheritance, through ancestors for generations on generations.

He is in fact the heir of big estates in Westphalia, where they have been aristocrats first and foremost for over a thousand years. *Erbsälzen* they are called, the hereditary owners of salt mines—the title denoting wealth without duties. The steward does the work, the Master's hands are not soiled with trade. Moreover, von Papen has claims to culture, and in his way is even a bit of a sportsman. In his youth he was a hot-headed amateur rider; his middle-age was strewn with race meetings. So, some might argue, if he should by any chance survive Hitler and the Nazis, which he certainly intends to do, surely it would not be so bad to negotiate with him. His would be a Conservative, Junker, aristocratic régime, like that of his period as Chancellor.

Well, Germany may, it is true, in course of time break into a bloody civil war. It may do all sorts of things, presuming an Allied success. But this is certain, or as certain as anything can be, that Germany will not tolerate a Junker aristocratic régime, with Franz von Papen as its head. A Conser-

vative Germany is a possibility, but that is another story. It will never be forgotten that Papen is first and foremost a Nazi now. He owes his continued existence to that one fact. He is a captive to the Nazi bow and spear—the very man they want to pull the wool over the eyes of trusting democracies.

His history will repay a careful consideration.

In the normal course the Papens were officers of the 4th Uhlans, Franz among them. The service was not hard, especially in peace time. One had, of course, to be a first-class rider —which suited Franz von Papen admirably. But already a taste for intrigue glimmered in his mind. As a Captain on the General Staff, he was appointed German Military Attaché to the United States. That was in the autumn of 1913.

When the Great War came in the following summer, his peculiar aptitudes found their appropriate outlet. The Military Attaché assumed the functions of a secret saboteur, organizing explosions, strikes, the wrecking of munition works, the outbreak of civil disorders, among the friendly peoples to whom he was accredited. But he was so careless over these cynical breaches of international law that by the end of 1915 the United States had had enough of him. It happened thus.

So lax was the atmosphere of the Military Attaché's office that a certain dispatch case, heavy with compromising documents, fell into the wrong hands while its custodian, Dr. Albert, of von Papen's staff, slept on the Elevated train. Von Papen himself gave publicity to the story, He sent a letter to his wife in the care of an American journalist who was travelling to Germany. With the utmost naiveté, speaking of " these idiotic Yankees," he told how " they unluckily stole from the good Albert in the Elevated a whole thick portfolio."

When the British Naval Control at Falmouth searched the journalist's luggage, the letter was found. It was cabled back to America. The portfolio and the letter eventually caused the American Secretary of State, Mr. Lansing, to demand the withdrawal of von Papen. Twenty-six years later, in April, 1941, Admiral Lais, the Italian Naval Attaché, was caught in connection with sabotage, just like Papen, and the American Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull, demanded his immediate withdrawal to Italy.

When von Papen left America for home, he assumed, quite gratuitously, that his diplomatic safe conduct covered not only his own person but his luggage as well. This error was unfortunate for quite a number of people. For the customary search revealed in von Papen's luggage much interesting

nformation. In particular, the stubs of his cheque book proved beyond doubt the identities of some of his Agents and he sums paid them for sabotage and other undiplomatic ervices. America took note of the names and most of them, particularly when she entered the war, were rounded up. Franz von Papen was sorry for them.

Home again from this ill-fated excursion into the coulisses of diplomacy, von Papen resumed his soldiering. The Uhlans were too good for a man of his record, and he was given command of a reserve battalion of infantry. But when the British broke through at Vimy Ridge, his efforts to stay the tide cost so many of his men's lives that, though his own personal bravery was never in question, the Western front saw no more of him.

He reappears on the staff of a Turkish division, and in the summer of 1918, when the Turkish and German troops were routed by Allenby, another misfortune befel von Papen—and those who had worked under his orders in the U.S.A. He had to flee in his pyjamas, leaving behind him all his belongings. These included by an unhappy coincidence documents involving another squad of his assistants in the American intrigues.

This procession of failures (which again and again set the whole world laughing) would have ruined any other man's career. But Papen was a bigger man than that. He just sat back till the laughter had subsided. No bad judge of the public memory, he lived quietly for the next twelve years, mainly on his wife's estate on the Wallerfangen in the Saar.

But Junker though he was, Franz von Papen was not a real true blue of the breed. The real Junker stays on his estates and farms them himself, disdaining the help of an agent. The nearest approach we have to this in Britain is the type of what we used to call the Backwoodsmen-peers who were never seen in Parliament unless something as vital to the nation as the legislative veto of the peers were involved. Von Papen was by instinct a week-end or holiday Junker, complete with agent. His spiritual home was the Herren Club in Berlin, where his talent for intrigue found new scope.

About 1930 he began shyly to emerge in public again, but merely as a minor Centre party member of the Prussian Diet.

Suddenly in 1932 he astounded everybody by a spectacular leap to the very front of the stage. The veteran President, Marshal von Hindenburg had sacked Brüning, the Chancellor of the German Reich, and given von Papen the job.

The country was stunned. Everyone was asking, "Who

is this man, this von Papen?" Not only his failures, but his very name had been forgotten.

It was a truly amazing situation. In spite of all that has been said it is not a fact that the President of the Republic did not know what he was doing at the time. It is true that when the Marshal died in 1934, at the age of 86, he had for at least one-and-a-half years been not always fully conscious of the big issues that he had to decide. But at the time he drove Dr. Brüning out of office he well knew what he did. What he certainly did not realize was that he had thus taken the first step towards Hitler. Brüning was, in fact, the last Republican Chancellor of Germany. When Hindenburg dismissed him he still held the confidence of the Reichstag. He had felt himself forced to dictation by decree, but he was a very honest man: he dictated through Parliament and Parliament supported him to the last.

For some obscure reason the President reposed a trust in Papen—a trust that was nothing but blind and pathetic. This gave von Papen the opportunity for some of his skill in sapping and mining, of which he took full advantage. General von Schleicher and his Junker backers were determined on getting Brüning out of office before a success at the Lausanne Reparations Conference could establish his position. They precipitated a crisis though they had no policy prepared, and as they were not ready to take office they thrust von Papen forward. Army and Junkers instinctively distrusted him, but they thought they could use him—they do so occasionally even now.

Thus, between the doting octogenarian who trusted him, and his peers who trusted him not at all, Franz von Papen came to power.

I met him just at this time. We were both going down on the same train to the Lausanne Conference. I found him very smooth in manner, very friendly, very polite, very bland—all the adjectives that indicate that a man has perfected the fine art of saying nothing. Foxy perhaps is not an unfair summing up of my impressions.

There followed a régime entirely new to Germany since the Weimar Republic came into being—a Government that had not the slightest chance of a majority in the Reichstag. If, for a brief moment, von Papen toyed with the idea of dazzling the people of Germany into proclaiming him the God-sent Man, nobody shared his dream. From his very first day as Chancellor he was a failure. Even at the Lausanne Conference, snatched out of the hands of Brüning, he could only dumbly

follow the lead of his new Foreign Secretary, Baron von Neurath.

His first stroke of policy on the Home Front was to dissolve the Reichstag—hostile to himself—before it had held a single meeting. This pleased the Nazis, who liked anything that would turn the Parliamentary system to disrepute and give them as well the chance of exploiting the fact at the polls.

They approved, too, the unconstitutional pressure which he put upon Prussia, because at a stroke it broke the Centre block, and with it signed the death warrant of the Weimar Republic.

But two months later the Nazis changed their tune towards Papen. Papen had been forced in the plain interests of law and order to announce that the next case of political murder, whether from the Left or the Right, would be followed by the enforcement of the law and the death penalty. Soon the Nazis found the opportunity to challenge this. At Potemka, a village in Silesia, five Storm Troopers murdered a peasant in the most revolting circumstances, in the end trampling him to death in the presence of his mother. They were tried, convicted on the clearest evidence—the medical details were sickening to read—and sentenced to death. But Hitler was beside himself with rage. To the convicts awaiting execution he telegraphed "Your freedom is our honour." The words made the headlines in every paper.

Von Papen judged that the Nationalist party would not back him with very good grace if he enforced the law. He knew also precisely how much mercy he would get when Hitler came into power if the death penalty had been enforced. He gave in. The murderers were reprieved. Six months later they were free.

Another sop he threw to the Nazis—the revival of the Brown Army, that standing menace to internal peace which Brüning had suppressed. He held out to them too the prospect of power in Prussia, and another chance to gain a decisive Reichstag election victory. But his six months of disastrous rule had already included two elections which only made things worse. So even the devoted President could stomach no more.

Von Papen went out of office, and von Schleicher, who nominated him, reigned in his stead.

Von Papen was now out for revenge. He put his talent for intrigue to work without ado. In three months the new Chancellorship was dead.

From the first it did not seem that von Schleicher was doing much to underpin the foundations of his Government, which

Papen was undoubtedly doing his best to undermine. The régime seemed to me a bit too lackadaisical for safety. But it was, any way, good policy to give the people a rest after the last hectic six months.

One special effort which General Schleicher made actually hastened the end. For the General had been working to get the Trade Unions and the Army together, and to that end had had a secret meeting with the best Nazi brain, Gregor Strasser. But it was too late. Papen had got wind of the move. Speaking on this occasion metaphorically, Papen was after blood. Papen rushed to Hitler himself—and then to Hindenburg.

After that nothing could save von Schleicher, not even the direct intervention of Hammerstein, Commander-in-Chief of the Army. In spite of all that had happened, the President was positively convinced that von Papen must know best.

So in turn von Schleicher went and Hitler was made Chancellor in his place. Von Papen had it all planned. He himself was Vice-Chancellor. There were to be only two Nazi Ministers besides Hitler, Dr. Frick, Minister of the Interior and Göring, Minister without Portfolio. Nationalists held all the other great offices—Foreign, Defence, Economics and Agriculture. Now, von Papen felt happily, he had Hitler virtually under his thumb.

But the Nazis thought otherwise—and the Nazis were right. This is how it was worked, in express time. In addition to being German Vice-Chancellor, von Papen was Reich Commissioner for Prussia, and so Head of that State. Göring was made Vice-Commissioner for the Prussian Interior. That was power—or, by the pretext of the Reichstag fire, he made it so. After that, in practice, all Papen was allowed to do was to sit back and sign a few papers which were put before him. In something over two months he was out of Prussia altogether, and Göring reigned as Prussian Premier in his stead.

In the first days of April, 1933, I reported to London that the Revolution had certainly not paused when the Weimar Republic collapsed. In fact the last four weeks or so had looked very much like a cold-blooded, long drawn out, diluted St. Bartholomew's Eve, in which the victims were Liberals, Trade Unionists, Pacifists, Communists, and (later) Conservatives. It was evidently only a matter of time when the Nationalist-Junker group, on whom Papen had depended for his backing in the reshuffle, would have either to merge themselves into the Nazi movement or be deprived of even the semblance of influence in the central Government.

Meantime, in April, 1933, von Papen had gone to Rome. His business was the Concordat. He was esteemed a devout Catholic, a layman of distinction, no less a dignitary than a Papal Chamberlain of the Sword and Cape. In July he got the Concordat signed; on the face of it it was a very good one for the Vatican. But what matters is not the Concordat but the intentions with which it was signed. Who really believed that the Nazis, who had the Potemka murder on their souls and gloried in it, would pay heed for an instant to a piece of parchment—even one signed with the Pope? Papen, that eternal optimist about his own abilities, still hoped to turn Hitler to his will: but even a foreigner could see that, as a member of the Central Government, he was doomed. He held on to the shadow of his Vice-Chancellorship for another twelve months, but he had practically disappeared from the stage. What happened to the Concordat we all know. For the Nazis it must have served its purpose. It remains in history as another "scrap of paper."

It was in the middle of June, 1934, that von Papen was heard of again. Suddenly like the burst of a bomb he dared, in a speech at Marburg, to proclaim a demand for freedom of speech. If one wished (he said) to be closely linked up with the people, one should not under-estimate their intelligence, but should return their confidence. That, by a Vice-Chancellor to a Chancellor who had said in *Mein Kampf* that a lie should be a big one and it would be believed by the multitude of sheep-like robots! It was a crazy thing to do, and on the surface, very brave.

But was it so crazy? Was it even brave?

For the speech was not really the speech of von Papen. Not if he had lived a thousand years could he have made such a speech out of his own head, out of his own heart. The voice was truly the voice of Jacob, but the words were the words of Esau. And the Esau in this case was a triumvirate of Papen's own friends and colleagues. Dr. Erich Klausener, chief of the Catholic Action in Germany, Dr. von Bohse, the press chief of the Vice-Chancellor's office, and Dr. Edgar Jung, the most brilliant of his secretaries—in particular Jung—wrote his speech for him. These three men and others at the back of them, forced him to make the speech. So the story goes. But is it certain, in the light we have upon his methods, that Papen, still nominally Vice-Chancellor, did not tip the wink to Hitler, or Göring, before making it: and did, or did not, Hitler or Göring wink back? For the Blood Bath of June 30 had to be,

any way. Röhm and his S.A. Group Leaders had got to go, one way or another; the Reichswehr had insisted on the point, and an occasion like the Marburg speech was too good to be sniffed at. Röhm and his particular friends were "executed," but so were many others, except that they were not even "executed" but murdered pure and simple. Klausener, von Bohse, and Jung died on June 30, and many another of the Catholic Action and similar movements. But not Herr Franz von Papen. Again, of the three ex-Chancellors, one, von Schleicher, was murdered with his wife in their sitting room on the same day; a second, Dr. Brüning, escaped abroad with his life; the third, von Papen, temporarily vanished, but had the special protection of a Reichswehr "guard of honour" at the War Ministry when he came to light two or three days later. Three Gestapo agents took him then to see Hitler at the Chancellery. They had special orders not to kill him on the way ("whilst trying to escape" is the familar gloss for such accidents). He was still watched and "protected" but was not apparently his own master sufficiently to attend the funeral of his friends who had died violently. He sent wreaths.

The interview with Hitler was a face-saving business. Papen came away to bear his punishment like a man for the speech which was blamed for all the mischief. He knew the worst, and he must have smiled. He had simply lost the empty title of Vice-Chancellor. Nay less!! In three weeks the cloud had passed, and it was as if Marburg and Jung and Schleicher had never been. Franz von Papen was on top of the world again.

The tortuous story of those days will perhaps never be told, but this at least is sure—that warning came to President Hindenburg of the tragic events of June 30, that he insisted that Papen must be saved at all costs, and that it was done. It may be that Hitler wanted to please the Old Man, who though, not yet dead, was dying in East Prussia. But that hardly explains his very friendly attitude towards his ex-Vice-Chancellor. What would explain it, if you think about it, is that wink of encouragement before Marburg already hinted at. In brief, if Papen owed his life at this time to Hindenburg, that does not account for the fact that he still lives more than six years after Hindenburg's death. Nobody could teach Hitler how to cut his losses.

Three weeks after the Blood Bath Hitler was notifying von Papen of his appointment as Minister Plenipotentiary for the restoration of normal and friendly relations with Austria. He

mphasized the point by saying, "I ask you to accept this nportant task, for since our co-operation in the Cabinet you ave possessed and continue to possess my fullest and most nbounded confidence." A few days later the President sent deathbed message to von Papen, fruit of his still unshaken onfidence in the intriguing shadow which he had always mis-aken for an upright and honest man. "If I am now appoint-ng you to Vienna," he wrote, "I am doing this in the firm ope that you will succeed in restoring normal and cordial elations with the kindred Austrian people."

It took von Papen almost four years to betray his dead atron's dying trust . . . but that comes later.

It is not surprising, in view of the innate self-esteem of the nan, that he now grew, in his own conceit, a Man of Destiny, Napoleonic figure. What other explanation of the deaths of ll his tools and his own triumphant survival? Was he not a naster of intrigue? Of course he was, but so sure was he of he fact, that sometimes he found himself almost tangled up in he tortuous windings of his plots and plans. His dreams were nagnificent, but his mind was not brilliant at all. Still, besides Austria he can reckon on the credit side, in the next few years, a share in the engineering of the Russo-German pact, and some strenuous and ingenious, if so far unsuccessful, manœuvres at Ankara.

His work over the Austrian *Anschluss* was just what Hitler wanted, if it was just the reverse of what Hindenburg had commissioned. The Catholics were bamboozled: they thought they were Papen's particular friends, and they paid for their trustfulness at the appropriate moment by being marched off to a concentration camp.

Rightly or wrongly it was reported that extreme Nazi Austrians had conceived a plan for facilitating the German occupation of Austria with little bloodshed—beyond the murder of von Papen whom these zealots did not look upon as a Nazi at all but only as a Junker. Von Papen heard of it and reported to the Austrian State police a plot against the German legation. Dr. Tavs, the ringleader, and others were arrested, and that was the end of it—except the death of Baron Wilhelm Emmanuel von Ketteler. Ketteler—again Papen's personal friend and secretary—was sent by him to warn the Austrian police of the plot. When the Nazis eventually marched into Austria he was missing for two months, and was eventually fished out of the Danube, dead. He had been

heavily chloroformed, and the conclusion was that the Gestapo got him. Von Papen sent a wreath.

Documents discovered on the Austrian conspirators confirmed their possession of the "Rudolf Hess" plan for the accomplishment of which, when the time came, all preparations were made in the Reich. Hitler was naturally annoyed at the premature exposure of the plot, just when he was pushing out of the Cabinet the remaining Moderates, von Neurath making way in the Foreign Office for von Ribbentrop, and Hitler himself taking the place of General von Blomberg as Commander-in-Chief.

However Papen convinced Hitler that his own was a better plan than Hess's. It was he who accomplished the betrayal of Dr. Schnuschnigg; the lies were Papen's lies; Papen it was who persuaded the fly into the spider's web at Berchtesgaden. Then his work in Austria was done. He cleared out of Vienna before the march in, and left his dupes to it.

The Errant Diplomat, a book by Oswald Dutch, is the best on von Papen's Austrian and Turkish experiences, though many of his machinations still remain obscure, especially in regard to Turkey. But his embassy at Ankara still goes on, and it is not certain that his time has been wasted.

Be that as it may, the consequences to Papen must have been very gratifying. Three days after the Reichswehr entered Austria the Nazi party took him to its official heart. "The Führer and Chancellor," it was announced, "has elected the Ambassador Herr von Papen a member of the N.S.D.A.P. (the Nazi Party) and bestowed on him the special party decoration."

So Hitler paid von Papen according to his lights, and in my opinion Papen was very pleased.

The fact stands out that Papen is alive, and that he is probably the only man in existence who could have tricked so many people as he has done and have got away with it. Oswald Dutch in his book says he believes that Papen will dig Hitler's grave. I am not so sure. If he does, all the better; but Papen must go too.

(Mr. Ebbutt, at one time The Times correspondent in Berlin, was compelled to leave Germany in 1937.)

A LION GAINS HIS WINGS

By Hector Bolitho

WHEN I first met him on a ship coming from Australia, he was twenty-one. He was modest and silent and without meanness of mind or spirit. Because he was also guileless, I saw these qualities in him within a day. He had a great capacity for pleasure and a full-hearted laugh. His only trouble was what he described as "an awful inferiority complex."

The bows of our ship were turned towards the Indian Ocean and the last albatross deserted us to fly south again. We were moving towards the old world and my friend's melancholy adventure in Australia was over. He was coming home.

For five unhappy months he had been on a sheep station in the hungry stretches of the North-West. The men he had worked with had been as hard as hell. They reeked of old filth, they lived with Aborigine women, black as your boots, and they ate snake, cooked on the lids of biscuit tins. It was not a life for a boy who had grown up quietly on the subdued earth of the Huntingdon Fens.

The Fens are black and cold and the people on them may be a little crazy, but they are not lonely. It was unlikely that one of their sons could sleep in that terrible, dry, empty country night after night, with only his blanket and the stars, without yearning for home. But his flesh was weaker than his spirit. Because he lacked some vitamin or other, seventy-two boils rose on his body. They were lanced without an anæsthetic. Then he was brought down the endless west coast of Australia in a stinking schooner. When he came to Freemantle he was pale and thin and, in his own words, he had failed. It is little wonder that when he leaned over the railing with me, on the evening before we came to Colombo, he summed up all by saying, "You see, my trouble is that I've got an awful inferiority complex."

One morning when we were near Aden, he told me of his days at school. He had played football and hockey and his somersaults and handsprings had been the delight of all beholders. When I pressed him to talk of his schooling, he said,

"Oh, you mean things for my mind! Well, I hated Latin. There was geography and a bit of French. And I remember something about sodium in water and things like that . . . and a Bunsen burner." What I really wished to know was whether reading might be good for him, for he paced the deck by the hour and seemed to have no relaxations. He told me that he had read very little at school. "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, the Something, Something, twiddledy dee."

What he lacked in knowledge of the reliable poets was more than made up for by his integrity and his talent, of which he was completely innocent, for drawing the best out of everybody he met.

We came to Suez in the middle of June. The sun was so hot that the vultures seemed to sag with exhaustion as they wheeled in over the sand dunes. But above them, swift and serene, two silver aircraft flew towards the Sinai desert. We watched them for a long time until they were lost in the East. My friend turned to me then and said, "You know, I think I'd like to fly. I can remember when I was a boy, about four—it was in the last war. We lived near an aerodrome and when the pilots were coming home, they'd circle round the house and if there was enough food, my mother would spread a table cloth on the tennis lawn, to tell them they could come to tea. And one of them used to hold me over his head, with both hands, and run with me, to give me the illusion of flying."

We went into the bar then and joined the deck tennis players at their lime juice and sodas. As we went down to the dining saloon, my friend said, again, "You know, *that's* what I'll do when I get back to England. I'll fly."

A year passed before he landed in the field next to my house in Essex. He was in Royal Air Force uniform and he stepped out of the aircraft and shook my hand with so much authority that I was shy. I could no longer enjoy the benevolent superiority of my older mind and self-assurance. He decided which path we should take as we walked in the garden. He said "I'm thirsty and I want a drink" whereas, twelve months before, he would have suffered thirst for an hour before complaining. We had a great day together and he chaffed me as he would never have dreamt of doing before.

It was in September of 1939 that he became a great man. With the war, he seemed to grow in stature. He has never been in the least cruel by nature, but he shared the prayer of all the fighter pilots in the Royal Air Force, "Oh God, please send us a nice war." Well, the war came.

My friend brought down his first German off the East Coast f England. I think that he was as much shaken as proud, or he said very little about it when he came to stay with me n his leave. He didn't even bother to tell me that he had rought down a second one, just before he left his squadron. Ie had also crashed rather badly, through the failure of his ngine. He had sliced off the top of a haystack and cut down ighteen larch trees with his wings as he landed. He was nconscious when the ambulance found him, and his nose was roken. His nose seemed to worry him more than the enemy ircraft that lay smashed in the sea, or the German pilots that ad gone down with them. But I suspected that he felt the esponsibility of having killed his first man more than he dmitted.

Next time he came on leave, he had brought down his seventh nemy aircraft. That was about the time when the German hrust was proceeding southwards. He wrote and told me the tory:

It was a fine, clear summer day. We flew straight from our Base on the English coast and made our land-fall south of Le Treport. Along the whole of our patrol line were smouldering villages, columns of black smoke and burning forests. Others had been there before us. As we turned to make for Rouen, a Squadron of Messerschmitt 109 fighters attacked us from out of the sun. In a second we had broken our formation and each one of us engaged an enemy, in a dog fight. There were more of them than of us and it was difficult to fire at one without being attacked by two others at the same time. I finished my ammunition having fired at three of them. But the battle was too hot to follow and see where they crashed. I dived to the ground and made my way over the tree tops to Rouen which I found by following the Seine. When I landed I found that six pilots of my squadron had arrived before me. We were two short. The aerodrome had been bombed that morning so we had to take off again for an aerodrome thirty miles away. I had only ten minutes' petrol left when we landed in a cut wheat field. While the ten men in the field refuelled our aircraft we climbed on to an American car and were driven at a hellish speed to a village. We were all hot and thirsty. We talked of the combat, but not a word of the two who were missing. We just felt that they would turn up. We had a miserable lunch of cold sausage meat, brown bread, and quantities of watered-down cider. We had no French money and we had to pay the angry madame with an English pound note.

We went back to the farm but the telephone wires had been cut. While the C.O. went back to the village to telegraph for orders, we stripped to the waist and laid in the sun, in the middle of the wheat field. In one corner the Frenchmen were making a haystack and in the other corner, some Cockney airmen were belting ammunition.

The Germans had advanced many miles while we were lying there. Our orders came. We were to patrol the same line, but two miles

into enemy territory. We seemed to be very small . . . only seven . . . taking off. We flew in peace for ten minutes and then, the sky was filled with black puffs of smoke, like hundreds of liver spots. We dived and climbed and none of us was hit. When we turned at the eastern end of our patrol line, the sky was fantasic. The black puffs of smoke from the anti-aircraft guns had woven weird patterns in the sky.

The guns stopped firing. We knew then that the German fighters were on their way. Coming towards us, in layers of twenty, were one hundred and forty of the enemy, looking like bees in the sky. Some were level with us. Some above. Some below. My C.O. climbed up with us to sixteen thousand feet and there, while we were being circled by all these one hundred and forty fighters, he gave the order to break up and engage. I singled out a Messerschmitt 109 and had a very exciting combat with him. He was a good pilot and he hit me several times. We began to do aerobatics and while he was on his back, I got in a burst which set him on fire. He jumped out, but I did not see his parachute open. His machine was almost burned out before it hit the ground. There were scores of fighters about me, but I still had plenty of ammunition. I got on to the tail of another 109 and while I was firing at him, two Messerschmitts 110 fired at me from either side. I continued to fire at the 109, which was badly winged. He suddenly stalled, turned sharply to the right, went into a spin and crashed straight into one of the other Messerschmitts, which was firing at me.

I couldn't resist following them down. It was a wonderful sight. They stuck together in a sort of embrace of flames, until they were a few hundred feet above the ground. Then they parted and crashed, less than twenty yards apart.

I turned for home, flying as low as I could. Crossing the Channel seemed to take hours. Luck was with me for there was a mist above the sea. I flew in it for twenty minutes before I emerged into the sunlight. I was lucky again. The Germans had lost me. I could see nothing but the sea and the English coast.

I landed to find that I was the second one home. My C.O. had landed first, having bagged two himself. We sat in the sun on the aerodrome for a long time, waiting for our other pilots. We searched the sky for them for what seemed an hour. But no more arrived. So we went to the Mess and we drank to ourselves and to them.

A few days later, the newspapers announced that my friend had been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. His own account of the day in France suffered from under-statement. I learned afterwards that he had done magnificently. In the words of the official announcement, he had shown " A confident and offensive spirit " in the face of the enemy and it was for this that he was to be decorated by the King. When he came on leave again he was much too interested in the crops and the garden to satisfy my questions. My efforts to grow celery in Essex were always compared with the celery he had known as a boy in Huntingdon and I was made to feel very humble. He

:as already a hero in my village and my gardener, a silent, lear-hearted Essex boy, brought in the best of the vegetables nd the first tomatoes as his own way of showing what he elt. He went so far as to break down two years of silence nd say, " It's a proud time for us, Sir, to have a D.F.C. coming ome."

The second night, we talked a little as we walked about the arden after dinner. It was a quiet evening, with only the ose on the cabbages and the barking of dogs for noise, and the ky brilliant with the ever-changing trellis of searchlights. My riend confessed that he had been " rather shaken " when he rought down his first German. Then he said, " But, after all, ve had been waiting a long time to have a crack at the wicked nemy. And when you think it out, he had come over with he idea of killing one of us. I was just lucky—that is all. But am glad I did not see him. I felt better the second time. You now, I always feel quite sick when I am on the ground, before ve take off. But when you are air-borne that vanishes. Ex-itement comes to take the place of sickness."

He talked then of the other pilots in his Squadron. He had een trained with them and they had been his friends through ll the dangers and excitement. Some of them had since been illed. " It makes it rather lonely," he said. He was so proud f his own Squadron and of his friends that he seemed to lose ight of his own achievement. He was uncertain from all that ad happened which was strongest in his mind: his belief that e would live or his fear that he would die. I watched him, vith the awe that an older man feels when a boy talks of death. He swayed from one mood to the other. My own life seemed o petty, my complaints so trivial and my anxieties so selfish hat I was humbled. All rancour and meanness seemed to ave been drained out of him. When the woman in our local " said to him, " Please come down once, Sir, in your niform and let us see your decoration," he obeyed, in a rather asual way. " It is very curious," he admitted to me, " but t doesn't seem to mean anything at all." He was soon em-arrassed when we stood in the bar and he whispered to me, Let us go home."

So much had happened to him, within himself, and there was uch quiet authority in his voice that I listened to his stories ke a child listening to an old soldier. He had brought down wo more enemy aircraft at Dunkirk without even mentioning he fact in his letters. It was during the last days of the vacuation, when, he said, " The harbour seemed to be all on

fire with the black smoke from the oil dumps." He told me that the destroyers moved out of the pall of black smoke, "in a most uncanny way, deep in the water and heavily laden with troops." He said:

I was flying at about 1,000 feet above the beach and the sea. And there I could see the *Brighton Belle*, and the paddle steamers, and the sort of cheerful little boats you see calling at coastal towns on Sunday. Hundreds of boats! Fishing boats and motor boats, and Thames river craft and strings of dinghies, being towed by bigger boats. All packed with troops, and people standing in the water and awful bomb craters in the beach, and lines of men and groups of people sitting down. Waiting, I suppose. And I could see rifles—stacked in threes. And destroyers going back into the black smoke. And wrecked ships on the beach: wrecked ships of all sizes, sticking out of the water. And a destroyer cut in halves by a bomb. I saw it! A Junkers 87 came low over the water and seemed to fly into the destroyer and drop its bomb. That was pretty terrible. It was shot down after, thank God. I saw the destroyer crack in two. And I saw parachutes coming down from wrecked aircraft, landing in the water and on the beach and on the land.

I did that patrol every day for four days. You see, we had been defending the navy at Scapa. Now it was the army. The first day we were patrolling, there were nine of my squadron, flying in a sort of oval-shaped route over the coast.

We flew two miles out to sea and then two miles inland. And suddenly, I realized that there were more aircraft flying with us than came with us across the Channel. That was a bit disturbing! A squadron of Messerschmitt 109's had joined us and they were sharing our patrol peacefully, to take their chance in getting a straggler. It was a bit shaking. I signalled my C.O. when I recognized them. You see, they were the first enemy fighters we had seen. We only came on bombers when we were in the North. Before the C.O. had time to give the order to attack, a lone Messerschmitt dived on him. The battle was on then. We picked our opponents while two squadrons of our fighters flew low to protect the shipping. After avoiding several on my tail, for what seemed to be ages, I got on to one and opened fire. We chased about and lost height rapidly, coming down to 5,000 feet above the land. When he was diving, I got in a steady burst and he crumpled up as if he were made of cardboard. He crashed in flames on the golf course.

I climbed up again and found that more German Messerschmitt 110's, also strangers to us, had joined in. I got on to the tail of one of them, which was firing at a Hurricane. I got so close that when I fired, he just blew up in mid air. Our Hurricane was on fire too. But the pilot baled out and he was brought home by a destroyer two days afterwards.

Then I dived to the sea and made for home. I thought it was all right, but I made a silly mistake. In the heat of it all, I flew towards Calais instead of Dover. When I realized this, I turned and thought I was alone for the journey across the channel. But I looked in my glass and saw that I was being followed by an enemy aircraft. We weren't more than three or four feet above the water. I zig-zagged

to avoid his bullets. God was kind to me. We continued that mad, zig-zagging journey, so low over the smooth water, and he kept at me until I was eight miles or so from Dover. Then he turned and went home. It was our first combat with anything more than five aircraft . . . our first combat with any fighters. We got eleven and we lost one.

We enjoyed the first days of leave in and about my village ı Essex. You might think that it had no links with the utside world, except that my gardener has named his aughters Greta and Marlene. For the first three days, we ıight even have forgotten the war, but for the searchlights at ight, and the children running home from school with their as masks over their shoulders.

We walked along the edges of the clover field, beneath a ilver sky with thousands of white butterflies shimmering in he sun. The harvest was good and the world was calm for us.

On the fourth day, the spell broke. We were not allowed to eep our illusion for very long. Soon after breakfast, eighteen Hurricane fighters rose from the aerodrome, five miles away. They came from the west. And from the east came fifteen German bombers, with their escorts. We went out to see them ıeet. I was excited, for I did not know the full horror that vas to come. But my friend knew. He watched them with ıo expression at all on his face, and in silence.

All but six of the enemy turned back towards the sea. We vatched the terrible, quick battle, immediately over the house: he appalling sight of the first bomber hurtling to the earth, nto the clover. Then the second, and the third. The flaming ieces of their fuselage made a dangerous rain over the garden. But all six of the enemy came down. Two of ours limped out of the battle and crashed among the distant trees. Then, out of the fleecy clouds, the German parachutes fell slowly, with he crews. Lovely, flower-like white parachutes, with men swinging to and fro beneath them. We went out into the fields ınd watched them coming down. The hedges bristled with guns and we joined the old farmers whose ancestors polished heir arrows against the Danes. We ran through the clover, vith the old men, and we saw the Germans land. Our oldest armer peeped cautiously through the hedge at one of them, o be sure that he was not holding a grenade in his hand. Then ıe climbed through the hedge and captured his man.

When we went down to the pub in the evening, my friend vas no longer the only hero. We gathered about the old

farmer as he said, " That German! he wasna more than 18 years old. A boy, you might say. Trembling all over."

We asked him then " Did you feel angry? Did you feel that you would like to shoot him?"

The farmer said, " No. Oh, No. He was a trembling sort of boy. So I took him back to the cottage until the military came for him. He could not speak English, but he understood me when I said ' Cocoa.' So my wife made him a cup of cocoa."

As we drank our beer, the old farmer said, " You know, women are queer creatures. All my wife said was, ' You should have brought home the parachute as well. They're made of fine silk and would have given me blouses to last me to Doomsday.' "

On the way home, my friend was critical. " Those cups of cocoa must be stopped," he said. " It bolsters up their arrogance." And then he told me a story. " Only last week some friends of mine took a German prisoner into the mess and gave him drinks and were kind to him. They found out after he had gone that just before he force-landed, he had flown around one of our pilots while he was descending by parachute, and shot him down. These farmers have got to be taught that it isn't all just friendly fun. I have no qualms now in killing Germans. I have seen too many of my own friends shot down to be sentimental any longer."

He went back on duty for two more weeks before he came up to London for his decoration. And he brought down two more Messerschmitt fighters, off the South coast. He wrote and told me the story.

It was a lovely evening and the wind was warm about us as we passed through the slip-stream of our aircraft, to our cockpits. We were to patrol the coast at 10,000 feet and we reached the patrol line at this height in seven minutes—I could see for miles and a thin layer of cloud 1,000 feet above us, shaded our eyes from the sun.

We were flying east when three enemy aircraft were seen flying west, in the clouds overhead. I told our leader that I would climb with my flight above the clouds and investigate. As I did this, *twelve* Messerschmitt 109 fighters emerged from the clouds. Still climbing, I made for the sun and turned and gave the order for my flight to break up and attack. In a moment, our battle began—our six Hurricanes against the enemy's twelve.

The eighteen aircraft chased round and round, in and out of the cloud. I chose my first opponent. He seemed to be dreaming and I quickly got on to his tail and gave him a short burst which damaged him. I flew in closer and gave him a second dose. It was enough. He dived out of control, and I followed him down to 6,000 feet. There I circled for a minute or two and watched him dive vertically into the calm sea.

There was only the tell-tale patch of oil on the water to mark where he had disappeared.

I opened my hood for a breath of fresh air and looked about the sky. There was no sign of either the enemy or my own flight. I was alone, so I climbed back into the cloud which was thin and misty. Three Messerschmitts, flying in line astern, crossed in front of me—so close that I could see the black crosses on their wings and fuselage. I opened fire on number three in the formation. We went round and round in decreasing circles—as I fired. I was lucky again. I had the pleasure of seeing my bullets hit him. Pieces of his wings flew off. Black smoke came from just behind his cockpit. He dived doing a phenomenal speed—then my ammunition gave out—just as the other two Messerschmitts attacked me. I twisted and turned, but they were too accurate. I could hear the deafening thud of their bullets. Pieces of my aircraft seemed to be flying off in all directions: my engine was damaged and I could not climb back to the cloud where I might have lost my pursuers. Then came a cold stinging pain in my left foot. One of the Jerry bullets had found its mark, but it really did not hurt. I was about to dive to the sea and make my escape, low down, when the control column became useless in my hand. Black smoke poured into the cockpit and I could not see. I knew that the time had come for me to depart.

Everything after this was perfectly calm. I was at about 10,000 feet, but some miles out to sea. I lifted my seat, undid my strap and opened the hood. The wind became my ally. A hand—actually the slip-stream catching under my helmet—seemed to lift me out of the cockpit. It was a pleasant sensation. I was in mid-air—floating down so peacefully—in the cool breeze. I had to remind myself to pull my ripcord and open my parachute. When the first jerk was over I swung like a pendulum. This was not so pleasant, but I soon settled down and I was able to enjoy a full view of the world below—the beach, some miles away, with soldiers—and the long lines of villas in the coastal town. There was no sensation of speed. But the ripples on the water became bigger—the soldiers on the beach became nearer. I had one minute of anxiety. As I floated down, one of the Messerschmitts appeared. The pilot circled round me and I was a little alarmed. Would he shoot! Well—he didn't. He behaved quite well. He opened his hood, waved to me and then dived towards the sea and made off towards France.

The wind was still friendly. It was carrying me in towards the beach. I took out my cigarettes and lit one, with my lighter—without any difficulty. Ages seemed to pass. I threw away the cigarette as I came nearer and nearer to the coast. I could hear the all-clear sirens—and, passing over the houses on the sea front, I could see the people coming out of their shelters—people looking up at me. I had descended to about 1,000 feet. I began to sway a little and I could hear my parachute flapping, like the sound of a sail in a small boat. The soldiers' faces were quite clear, but I must have looked English, even at one thousand feet—which was comforting.

For the first time since the enemy pilot circled around me, I became anxious. Was I to end my escapade by being banged against a seaside villa? It did not seem possible that I could reach the fields beyond.

U. OF I.

The journey ended in a cucumber frame—after I had pushed myself free of a house, with my foot.

And now I come to a pleasant recollection—in spite of my foot and my painful landing. The people in that seaside town were wonderful. A woman appeared with a cup of tea—in one second. Then a policeman with a whiskey and soda. I drank the whiskey and soda first—then the tea. A blanket appeared—then the ambulance. I remember one amusing incident as I was lifted into the ambulance. A little boy of seven, came over to me with cigarettes and he said, "Good luck, Sir. When I grow up, I'm going to be an airman too."

The courtyard of Buckingham Palace, where my friend was given his Distinguished Flying Cross, has since been bombed. But on the morning in August, there was only one hint of war as we sat there, watching the procession of sailors and soldiers and pilots walk slowly past the King. One amiable silver balloon hovered overhead, against a pure summer sky. There were lazy pigeons looking down at us from the ledges of the palace: and white butterflies, fluttering over the wives and mothers and brothers of the heroic company.

The scene was very simple. There were no flags. There was only a band in the background, playing lilting tunes and marches, to give life to the time during which we had waited. The first of the procession was a soldier who received the Victoria Cross from the King. Then came a sailor who bent low, beneath his Sovereign's sword, to be knighted. Then an Air Marshal, and a white-haired old Admiral who must have seen half a century of wars.

Almost at the end of the line was my friend, with his arm in a sling. He had broken his collar bone against the marine villa when he was being trailed over the last few yards, at the end of his parachute. At last, he climbed the dais and stood before the King. The King shook my friend's left hand after he had pinned the cross over his heart. For me it was a celebration. I had seen a diffident boy grow into a man and I had seen him play his part in the resurrection of my country, through his own modesty and courage.

I walked out through the gates by which so many heroes have come home, from so many wars, to tell the story of their conquest to their Sovereign. Then I turned and waited for my friend. Six years had passed since he leaned over the railings of our ship, to tell me that his trouble was an "awful inferiority complex." Walking through those gates, all fears were banished from him and he became one of a valiant company.

LESSONS OF CRETE

I

By Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn

THE loss of Crete has stirred public opinion more perhaps than any other event of the war. In particular it has raised doubts as to whether co-operation between the Services is as perfect as one had been led to hope by the admirable combined operations in General Wavell's Libyan campaign.

All the factors which affected the Cretan battle have not yet been revealed, and we must therefore suspend judgment as to whether failure in co-operation, which might have been avoided, actually contributed to the reverse. Mr. Churchill has at least made it clear that lack of material, for which our Middle East commanders could not be held responsible, was the primary cause.

Accusations of lack of co-operation are easily made, and because the Royal Air Force has special co-operative capacity it is most frequently the object of criticism when its action in combination with the older Services is under review. The two older Services can do little to assist the action of the air arm except in so far as they can protect the bases—whether aircraft carriers or airfields—from which it operates, and by compelling the enemy to offer targets to air attack. On the other hand, there are few occasions in land or sea warfare when air co-operation is not essential. The question has frequently arisen, therefore, whether the R.A.F. may not have tended to emphasize its independent rôle at the expense of its co-operative function.

The Navy felt so strongly on the point that it has secured its own air arm, and the Admiralty has been given operational control of Coastal Command aircraft. The results have been brilliantly successful and a considerable body of opinion holds that the Army should on the same analogy have its own air component. Some would go even further and would abolish the air force as a separate service, reverting to the old organization under which there were separate naval and army air

forces only. With the latter proposal I have no sympathy at all, for it would only lead to confusion and heartburnings. Nor do I think the former necessary, though it will probably be advisable to add to the number of specific army co-operation squadrons which are under army operation control, and, possibly, to take a wider view of their functions in view of the greatly increased part aircraft play in land fighting. It would certainly appear that some further specialization is necessary and at this stage, when the air force is expanding rapidly, it would be difficult for the Air Ministry to conduct training which, in any case, might better be carried out under army supervision.

It is, I think, fair to say that in pre-war years the Air Ministry and the majority of R.A.F. officers, in spite of the fact that the Army was trained for mobile warfare, had accepted too readily the popular view that on land there would be a recurrence of the static conditions which prevailed in the last war, accentuated by the difficulty of maintaining and moving large armies under the menace of air attack on concentrations of troops and transportation systems. To secure air supremacy in combat and by attacks on the enemy's air bases and war industries were the main objects of air training. Except in the case of army co-operation squadrons, provided on a scale which might have sufficed under static conditions, there was little combined training with the Army. Intervention in land battles was deprecated as likely to prove costly in aircraft and a waste of air power, except on special occasions such as pursuit. The war has gone far to upset these theories, and no doubt the R.A.F. is perfectly willing to adapt its doctrines to prevailing conditions, but that takes time and experience.

The German Air Force on the other hand, though an independent Service like our own, was trained and equipped to play a great part in army operations, and, especially, to help the army in every way to retain its mobility and momentum. I was curious, therefore, that when, in a recent broadcast, Air Commodore Goddard was at pains to show that German organization was similar to and had even imitated our own, he omitted to mention the difference in outlook and training. The difference was clearly shown in France, for while the land battle was in a critical stage the *Luftwaffe* was employed almost entirely in the combat zone of the army, leaving munition factories and distant targets in England and France severely alone. On the other hand the majority of our own fighter squadrons were retained in England for protection

gainst attacks which did not take place. That, admittedly, vas a necessary precaution, only relaxed in order to cover the Dunkirk evacuation; but the policy which sent our bombers o attack targets in Germany, where their action had little or o effect on the battle in progress, is certainly open to criticism. t was an acknowledged failure in co-operation due to adher- nce to preconceived ideas, and an attempt to grasp a long oped for opportunity which had ceased to be of immediate nportance. Very gallant deeds were done to retrieve the istake, but they were belated.

The question of co-operation is not of course limited to nter-Service co-operation; it is constantly cropping up when- ver the actions of the various arms, formations and units of he Army are combined. It is seldom sufficient to order that A will co-operate with B without ensuring that the nature and nethod of the co-operation required is well understood, for nany interpretations can be given to the order, according to he characteristics of the individual who receives it—the mplication that co-operation means taking a subordinate part as sometimes a psychological effect.

For good co-operation willingness to give and to accept co- peration is the first essential. Training, a common doctrine nd a clear grasp of the situation go far to ensure willingness. Jnity of command is an advantage, but is, I think, of less mportance than close personal contact between the com- nanders of co-operating bodies. Where more than one ervice is concerned unity of command might lead to the neg- ect of using all available resources, and with the complexities of modern war may tend to overweight the commander. In ll cases, however, the predominant partner in the operation equires definition and, if there is not unity of command, this hould be settled by mutual agreement.

Obviously co-operation must often mean the subordination of individual interests to the common good. There is, however, often an unwillingness to expose troops to heavy losses when hey are acting in what is apparently a subordinate rôle. Yet a holding attack, designed to divert enemy opposition to the nain attack, should almost invariably be conducted with vigour. The order, too often given in the last war, that such nd such formations "will co-operate with fire" had little to ommend it, as it generally meant only waste of ammunition nd indicated to the enemy that nothing was to be feared in that irection. On the other hand, a commander ordered to take a co-operative part naturally would wish to have an objective

against which his command would produce the greatest results individually, irrespective of such results on the main action. I have known a Division Commander make strong representations that the attack of a whole army should change its direction in order to allow his division to take up positions square to its objective. Similarly, it took some time to persuade Royal Artillery commanders to use a proportion of smoke shell in the barrage sufficient to blind the enemy during the infantry attack; for they argued that every smoke shell used reduced the destructive effect of artillery fire. It will be interesting to learn whether somewhat the same line of reasoning led to the R.A.F. attacks on the airfields in Greece before they were switched on to the Malemé airfields in Crete. Obviously at the former targets greater destruction of enemy aircraft was probable, in view of their crowded condition, but would not the destruction of smaller numbers at Malemé have had greater effect on the battle there? There may of course have been other considerations such as the danger of inflicting casualties on our own troops before Malemé was definitely in enemy possession. I suggest, however, that the troops would willingly have accepted the risk, for the moral effect of seeing friendly aircraft cannot be overestimated.

It was, I think, unfortunate that before the war the R.A.F were inclined to discount the value of anti-aircraft fire and took little interest in its remarkable developments or in its training. Complaints that only slow aircraft were detailed to take part in anti-aircraft practices were notoriously rife. That undoubtedly showed a lack of a common outlook and of co operation between the Services which tended to delay the provision of anti-aircraft defences on an adequate scale though the disarmament policy, which had left both the Services with so many deficiencies, was mainly responsible.

Crete has, in an acute form, raised the question of adequate provision of airfields and their defence, whether occupied or unoccupied. The defence problem has exercised my mind ever since the invasion of Holland, and I was led to understand that while the Army was responsible for defence against attack from outside, the R.A.F. preferred to retain responsibility for the fields themselves and for repairing damage to them. It is to be hoped that the Air Minister's statement that responsibility for defence rests with the Army indicates that any doubt on the matter have been cleared up. I trust, however, that public agitation will not lead to the dispersal of our tank resources in small packets.

It may be asked why co-operation which was so good in Libya, should be under suspicion elsewhere. I think the answer is, apart from the personality of the local commanders, that the campaign had a natural unity and a clearly indicated predominant partner. Practically every target inviting air attack had a direct bearing on the Army's operations. That is to say the normal tasks of the R.A.F. fitted in automatically with those of the Army, and I suspect that co-operation implied little more than synchronization of action. It is when there is a diversity of distracting objectives that the test of co-operation comes. And, as is frequently the case, more can be learnt from failure than success. An additional reason for good co-operation in Libya may have been that some of those engaged probably had gained experience during the operations of recent years in Palestine. Reports on these operations emphasized how much there was to learn, and how much had been learnt, about co-operative action, which, it was pointed out, depended on a mutual appreciation of the methods and requirements of the respective services. The war, and perhaps especially experience in Greece and Crete, has taught us a lot and we may safely assume that the Services are working together to remedy defects.

LESSONS OF CRETE

II

By Air-Commodore L. E. O. Charlton

THE House of Commons debate on this sore subject was completely unrevealing. The criticisms offered by the various members who took part had already been well ventilated, in all their aspects, by the Press, while the Prime Minister sought cover, and found it, behind that veil of discretionary reticence which necessarily shrouds our larger plan of war. The pity of it is that Mr. Churchill had been moved, in his preliminary reference to the air-borne invasion, to utter words in Parliament which made of Crete a testing ground, on the principle of *on ne passeront*, in the theatre of the Middle East. Our Prime Minister's words are so well weighed, and convey such force in their pronouncement, that the sense of disillusion whenever, as on this occasion, he has to eat them is apt to overwhelm his public. The sonorous sentences thus referred to were based, of course, on technical opinion, and the discrepancy between their valorous import and the outcome of the concise battle betrays an optimism on the part of those in chief command at home which gives poor food for thought.

For we were bound to face the loss of Crete, just as we were forced to leave the Grecian mainland, as soon as our overhead protection was withdrawn. It is insufficiently recognized that our forces in the Middle-East, by land and sea and air, considerable as undoubtedly they are, are merely on detachment, and fed in the last analysis from sources which are separated by oceans from their goal. Never before has the disadvantage of exterior lines been so keenly felt. Our enemy, on the other hand, is free to roam unhindered over a continent, and can apply at any given point of its perimeter an overwhelming strength. Our lodgments on the European coastline, in Norway and in Greece, must in consequence always partake of the nature of a forlorn hope, for it stands to reason that in relation to the military giant we confront ours can only be a pygmy effort.

It is most sound in principle that the enemy's strategic infiltrations should not go unopposed, but surely we should not be lavish in our obedience to that behest. Our attempt to halt the Nazi progress in the Balkans with a land force of 50,000 men and a few air squadrons, aided by a war-worn Allied army which had been fighting desperately for months and lacked munitions, could only have one ending in the long run, and in this case it was not too long delayed. The Cretan battle was merely an aftermath of that prolonged rearguard action and evacuation. We could not have it on our conscience that we refused assistance to a victim of aggression, and so we faced the certainty of defeat for the sake of a vain gesture. It was most certainly magnificent, but it was not war.

Unfortunately the defeat of our land force in such circumstances brought more in train, for it embroiled our sea and air power in that portion of the globe, neither of which, with their innumerable tasks on hand, could afford considerable loss. Our Air Force, holding discretion to be the better part of valour, were just told to cut their stick and run, in so doing, although admittedly there was nothing else to do, bringing down an added vengeance on the heads of those ashore. But our ships-of-war, though by now inured to the task, had once again to forsake their proper rôle and undergo the terrific risks of air attack in narrow waters in an endeavour, gloriously, to save what could be saved from the onrush of the foe. And then, in natural sequence, came Crete.

How much longer will it take us to learn the bitter lesson, already well drubbed in, that no troops in the world, not even the flower of the bravest army in the field, can long withstand the impact of a rain of bombs themselves having no air power at disposal? Poland was defeated from the air. Nazi air power drove our ships-of-war from the waters of the Kattegat when Norway was invaded. Our North-West Expeditionary Force could gain no more than a bare foothold in that country for the same reason, and had quickly to be withdrawn. In France and the Low Countries the preponderance of Nazi air power had as much to do with their astounding success as had the onslaught of their tank brigades. In all these cases results were gained by the swift securement of a local air mastery, quickly followed by a ruthless application of air power in the raw the main feature of which was a regardlessness of loss that bespoke an inexhaustible reservoir to draw upon. And still our lesson went unlearnt.

Interior lines are of high advantage to an army, but to an

air force they convey the power to defy the disabilities of space and time. Bombers can be over London at the week-end and over Athens on a Monday morning. Limitless aerodrome accommodation, in each case well equipped, is at disposal to aid them on their way, and it is only needful for the machines themselves to fly, separate measures being taken for their warlike operations on arrival. Interior lines, in the case of the Nazi Air Force, beget in it the almost universal ability of being the 'air power on the spot,' a situation which conduces to that air mastery they have so busily displayed. Only when the *Luftwaffe* has come up against our own Air Force in the very kernel of its strength, as in The Air Battle of Britain, has it met its master, and only when a similar condition is reproduced in the Middle-East is it again likely to meet its match. That is why our gesture towards Greece, and to the world, was vain in the purely military sense.

The Battle of Crete was the logical aftermath of a strategical rearguard action fought on the mainland of Greece for the sake of our Imperial prestige, and in adherence to the principle of disputing passage to the enemy wherever he may be found. The eventual result was a foregone conclusion directly our fighter squadrons were withdrawn; and withdrawn they had to be, for otherwise they would have met the fate of that gallant Gladiator Squadron on the frozen lake of Leskesjogen, near Aandalsnes in Norway. But even so our resistance might have been prolonged, more loss inflicted on the Nazi parachutist corps and other specialized air-borne troops, and more material damage done to the enemy's reserves of aircraft, if the extent of that air invasion had only been foreseen. For this there is little excuse.

We have indeed been silent witnesses of that particular technique in several instances. The Nazi invasion of Norway was completed from the air by adapted Junker aircraft once the Skagerrak and Kattegat had become too dangerous for transport sailings. A parachute division was landed from the air in the rear of the Dutch defending line. Parachutists played a considerable part in the defeat of France and Belgium. But more recently still a salient example of this form of overhead attack was afforded in Greece when two thousand Nazis, thus landed from the air, were suddenly found in occupation of the Isthmus of Corinth in rear of our retreating troops. What were a hundred miles of cross-sea flight, entirely unopposed en route, to a prepared force thus capable of descending from the skies? In these circumstances the seizure of all available

erodromes would be an immediate undertaking, so enabling he Junker-borne reinforcements to land in turn and relieve the aluable specialists who had prepared the way. It is difficult o understand why the three Cretan aerodromes of Malemé, Retymo and Heraklion, were neither fortified against such an nterprise, nor, after the withdrawal of our squadrons, rendered nusable. There seems little doubt that the seizure of Malemé vas the real turning point of the battle, to which the persistent ive-bombing notably contributed, and it would appear equally pparent that dug-outs, and other fortifications on a proper rinciple, might have delayed, if not prevented, that untoward vent. There could have been no air-minded officer at Frey-erg's elbow to suggest so simple a precaution.

The Battle of Crete is over now and that corner of the astern Mediterranean is again as if we had never intervened. nd yet the enemy is in effect no nearer to his much-prized goal f Egypt. If our Syrian enterprise fulfils itself he will in fact e further away than ever. Perhaps it had been well for us to ave undertaken it before, instead of sitting with folded hands o long. Such a step were preferable, perhaps, to the forlorn ope we did embark on. We would now be stronger by the housands we have left in Greece and Crete, not to mention he valuable equipment of all kinds that we were forced to ttison. But if we have learnt at last that one air lesson our acrifices will not have been in vain.

LESSONS OF CRETE

III

By Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond

"WAR is a business of positions." This saying of Napoleon's is one which Nahan frequently repeated and preached upon in regard to war at sea; and the importance attached by the United States to the possession of the recently leased bases in the Caribbean affords evidence of how deeply the doctrines he enunciated with such persistency and force have sunk home into the minds of the Administration at Washington.

That lesson has certainly been taken to heart equally in Berlin, whom we see taking steps, at each stage of her aggressions, to secure positions at sea. Her admirals had bemoaned, both during and after the last war, her lack of over-sea bases, a lack to which they attributed in a high degree the failure of their cruiser warfare; and the German colonial policy was founded to a great extent on the need of procuring bases on the Atlantic and Indian Oceans from which their cruising vessels could attack British trade. During the period of her rearmament those same officers urged the importance of securing the Norwegian harbours for the use of their fleet against France and England, and the first offensive after the destruction of Poland was the invasion of Denmark and Norway, neutrals with whom Germany had no quarrel. When the French armies collapsed the next objective of the German forces was the coast in order to secure bases on the Channel and Atlantic for their cruisers, submarines and aircraft to operate from against our trade in its most vital area. After the pitiful failure of Italy, with her superior naval forces in the Mediterranean, to achieve the smallest success, German brought her air arm into Sicily from whence it struck hard and injuriously at our sea communications in the Straits of Malta; and when once again Italy was defeated in her attack upon Greece, notwithstanding the use of treachery, superior numbers and surprise, Germany came to her help and, having overrun Greece, proceeded at once to establish bases in the Aegean Islands and made her preparations for the seizure of Crete.

While she thus made her way by the occupation of positions n Norway, Denmark, the Low Countries and the Mediterranean, she was equally alive to the value of Dakar; there seems ittle doubt that for all practical purposes that important harbour is in German hands. And every possible blandishment has certainly been used to induce Spain to enter the Axis camp and either use her own army or permit the passage of a German army through the Peninsula for the purpose of rendering Gibraltar useless as a British naval base, for it is obvious that without that base the task of defending the Atlantic routes against an attack from the African salient would be difficult.

The extension of British influence throughout the world was due to British sea power, and that sea power was a combination of three elements: a fighting navy, a merchant fleet, and positions in all the oceans overseas. Until Great Britain possessed positions in the Mediterranean her fleet could only operate spasmodically in that sea for the brief period in the summer between its arrival in the late spring or early summer and its obligatory departure in September or October: and during its enforced absence the enemy fleet resumed the command of which it had been deprived. So to-day, the command in the Sicilian Straits is limited to the week or so during which the fleet, operating from its bases a thousand miles off at Alexandria and Gibraltar, can keep the sea—it would be a very different matter if the fleet could use Malta. Cromwell recognized the need and sought a base in the Strait's mouth. Marlborough saw that a base was necessary in Port Mahon. Later times have seen the creation of bases in Mauritius, Aden, Hong Kong, Ceylon, Singapore and other places.

Of recent years Parliament has shown itself either less acquainted with these matters or less vigilant in its watch upon the doings or misdoings of the Government than its predecessors. There were those in 1715 who would have returned Gibraltar to Spain, but who knew only too well that Parliament would not permit such an act. The Parliaments of the last twenty years have been more subservient, or more ignorant of the strategical problem of this maritime nation, which can exist only through its sea power. Thus one party, though in a minority in the House, could suspend, practically without protest or opposition, the construction of the base at Singapore; and indeed only continued the work because it was shown that it would cost more to stop the work than to continue

it: so little was the importance of a base in the Far East recognized. Again, hardly a voice was raised in the House in support of Mr. Churchill in his opposition to the cession of the Irish bases, for the want of which we are now paying so high a price in ships, seamen and goods, sunk by enemy submarines and bombers: the difficulty of their protection having been vastly increased, as the present Prime Minister predicted it would be, through our light craft being forced to operate from the more remote bases in the Clyde or Milford Haven. There seems, too, reason to believe that the Bismarck nearly escaped our forces owing to their having had to start from these far-back harbours, whereby their fuel was getting perilously near exhaustion and their speed reduced when the climax was reached and the great ship was within four hundred miles of safety, the port of Brest.

Finally we have Crete. Parliament was critical, and justly critical, in the debate of June 10 of the insufficiency of the measures taken to defend the island, even though some members may have conveniently forgotten their own records in relation to the cutting down of the navy, Singapore, and the Irish bases. But the debate was a valuable one. In spite of the able debating speech of the Prime Minister the impression was not dispelled that there had been a lack of appreciation either of the importance of holding Crete or of the power of the enemy to attack it by means of air forces. It is certainly true that no one outside the Government has the information as to the means available for defence and the demands made upon them, but one thing should assuredly have been obvious: the outstanding importance of the island in the major strategy of the war. Crete came into our hands without fighting, a bonus, as it were, arising out of the misdeeds of Mussolini. We were presented with the possession of what we had so greatly needed since Malta had been rendered untenable as a base—a position 400 miles nearer to Italy and the mid-Mediterranean passage to Libya than Alexandria, thus mitigating, to that extent, the loss of the use of Valetta; the communications of Italy with her bases in the Dodecanese had been brought under a more effective surveillance; the movements of oil from the Black Sea of Italy, if possible at all, were hazardous. All these advantages the possession conferred upon us in the campaigns in all parts of the Mediterranean theatre. Nor was this alone a reason for neglecting no step which would contribute to ensure the retention of the island, for its capture by the enemy would transfer to him those very advantages or their corol-

laries. It would bring his aerial forces within striking distance of our fleet base at Alexandria and of the coastal route and Tobruk; it would ease the Italian situation in the Dodecanese, solidify his position for an attack on Cyprus, Syria and Palestine, and strengthen his hands against Turkey.

Thus, great as the demands were for the use of our admittedly insufficient aerial forces and anti-aerial artillery in other theatres the claims of Crete for an adequate defence were outstanding. The operations in Africa and in the Near East depend on the command of the sea, and the command of the sea depends upon the possession of secure bases in positions from which the fighting forces at sea can operate with speed, certainty and power, with all the different arms in combination.

And what are those fighting forces? In the past they were the surface ships, the ships of the line, the cruisers and the flotilla. With the coming of the submarine she was added to the naval family. With the advent of craft that can fly, the naval armada became a composite force of surface submarine and aerial vessels. It is in the highest degree unfortunate that an idea took hold that there was a distinction between "command of the sea" and "command of the air." In sea warfare, as some are at last beginning to perceive, no such a distinction exists. Command of the sea is obtained by the destruction of those fighting instruments of the enemy which threaten movements across the sea. Those aircraft which take part in this sea campaign for command are integral portions of the navy; as integral as the submarine. There was, at one period during the last war when the submarine was first showing her power, a proposal made in France for making a distinction between command of the surface of the sea and command of the waters below the surface; and, under that mistaken distinction, for establishing a separate submarine navy, independent of, and disassociated from, the surface navy. Foolish as that proposal was, and easily as it was disposed of, it was no more foolish than that under which a distinction was made in this country between the waterborne and airborne fighting units. Yet it took many years, in the face of the most determined opposition, to restore to the navy a part of the flying arm, that part that operates from shipboard. Thanks to that restoration we had successes at Taranto and off Matapan and in the Atlantic.

But if the operations in the air and under the sea in the Mediterranean are regarded as separate affairs it is perhaps not so surprising that the aerial defences of Crete did not

receive the attention they deserved. On occupying Suda Bay as a naval base the Navy would naturally take the necessary steps to protect the entrance against attack by submarine and small surface craft, and would make a certain amount of provision for defence of the ships against aerial attack with its anti-aerial batteries. But it would not be in a position to take the more extensive measures needed for security against attack on an invasionary scale. It might nevertheless draw attention to the need for security and for co-operation, and insist that steps should be taken to hold the invaluable position so fortunately acquired: as Admiral Hughes in a similar situation pressed the Government of Madras to send an effective garrison to hold Trincomali and for the want of which Trincomali was lost, as Crete has been. Mr. Stokes, M.P., in the course of the debate, asked one very pertinent question to which no answer was given—possibly none could be given:

> I ask the Secretary of State for War whether, at the time we went to Crete in November the Admiralty insisted upon such dispositions with regard to future Air Forces as would enable the Navy to receive proper protection and support from those Air Forces in the event of an ultimate battle such as finally took place, which they knew six months ago was bound to come.

It is indeed difficult not to conclude that there has been a division of responsibility, and that what was everyone's business was nobody's business; for otherwise it is impossible to understand how it could be that, in the seven months of the British occupation of Crete, so little was done that the island was taken from us in twelve days. All the events pointed to an attempt to wrest it from us, from the massing of German forces in the Balkans to our knowledge of German methods of transporting forces by troop carriers in the air. And if there was a division of responsibility, was there not also a lack of unity of direction, of someone whose duty it was to survey the whole situation in the light of major strategy? It is possible that "they order this matter better in France," where—at least in its local application of the security of ports—there is a single command in each *secteur* of all the arms, military, naval and aerial concerned in the defence of that *secteur*.

If we say that the loss was inevitable let us for a moment imagine the positions reversed, and the Germans in possession of a key position. Would they have allowed any consideration to stand in the way of making such a prize secure and of exploiting to the very utmost the good fortune that had put it into their hands? The answer hardly admits of a doubt.

NIGHT BOMBING

The Bishop of Chichester replies to his Critics

IT is with the greatest interest that I have read the contributions in the June issue of The Fortnightly, commenting on my recent proposal regarding Night Bombing. I should like to offer a few remarks in reply.

There are, first of all, one or two general matters that are worth bearing in mind. I have no illusions as to the dastardly character of the Nazi use of bombers against almost, or quite, defenceless towns. But the conflict with which we are concerned is that raging now between Great Britain and Germany. We have had just over one year of mutual bombing between these two Powers, commencing May, 1940, with August and September, 1940, and April and May, 1941, as, up to now, the peak periods. During that time an immense amount of damage has been done. In the United Kingdom, in the nine months from September to May, there were some 90,000 classified casualties, including 40,000 deaths, that is an average of 10,000 casualties per month. The figures for Germany are not known, but are certainly high. The record of British buildings, not being military or industrial objectives, injured or destroyed, is well-known; and the number of German buildings, similarly not military or industrial objectives, injured or destroyed (though not published), cannot be small.

It is rightly claimed that the British airmen, man for man, are both braver and aim better than the Germans. But, especially in bombing by night, often from great heights, and with the best intentions, it is impossible for airmen to succeed completely in discriminating between objectives which are military or industrial and objectives which are not. And I have been told that the effect of an anti-aircraft shell, within reasonable distance of the bomber, may be to deflect the bomb a great way from its target.

It is sometimes said that the bombing of objectives of all kinds from the air is justified, as a means to winning the war in the shortest possible time. I agree that this is a military question. But anyone can look at a map and use common

sense. We are now in the position of light weight boxers matched with heavy weight boxers, in the matter of air force equipment. Any advantages we might have if, and when, equally matched in the number of aeroplanes, are proportionately lessened by our present inequality. But, assuming the achievement of equality, the distance of the British airmen's base from German targets is three times as great as that between the base of German airmen in the Occupied Territories and their targets in this country. We have, besides, an immense concentration of population in our island. They have almost the entire Continent under their control, with vast possibilities for the withdrawal of population and factories far into the interior.

Mr. Attlee, replying to a question in the House of Commons on May 21, said that the suggestion of a mutual cessation of night bombing, by agreement, was not acceptable to the Government. On being asked why, he replied that it was impossible to trust Hitler to keep his word. In other words, he based his negative attitude, not on military considerations but on the lack of international trust. An agreement, however, could be put to the test. After all, we could maintain all anti-aircraft defences, weakening nothing, but at the same time refraining from the bombing of Germany by night, having announced that we should refrain. If Germany suddenly broke the agreement, we should not be taken by surprise. The arrangement could, in any event, do us no harm, if we were always prepared. But the fact that our Government had taken the initiative, and had made the attempt to secure the cessation of night bombing, and failed, would be a great asset to our moral cause. The practical abstention from bombing of any kind, in the form of a tacit mutual bombing truce, was achieved when Athens and Cairo were believed to be in danger of bombing. The British Government then announced that Rome would be bombed, if Athens and Cairo were bombed. *The New Statesman* of May 24, commenting on this, said:

> That is to say, it used our growing strength in the air, not in ways which were bound to lead to general and inconclusive destruction, but in a way which was likely to impress the enemy and incidentally to save important centres of civilization. It was a welcome attempt to use brain as well as bombing power.

In addition to this, there is the precedent of an actual agreement between England and Germany, announced by the G.P.O. as recently as June 7 with regard to air services for correspond-

ence with prisoners of war. The text of the announcement is as follows:—

> The Postmaster General announces that agreement has now been reached with the German authorities, through the good offices of the United States Government, for the reciprocal use of the air services between Lisbon and Germany and between Lisbon and the United Kingdom for the conveyance of correspondence to and from prisoners of war and interned civilians.
>
> Under the new arrangements letters and postcards posted in the United Kingdom for British prisoners of war and interned civilians in German hands . . . . will be conveyed from Lisbon to Germany by air as well as from this country to Lisbon . . . . In the reverse direction, all letters and postcards from British prisoners in German hands will be conveyed from Germany to the United Kingdom throughout by air without charge.
>
> In return, letters to and from German prisoners in the United Kingdom will be accorded air transmission between Lisbon and this country.

If agreement is possible between the British and the German Governments for air services of this kind, it should not be ruled out as impossible in the case of the cessation of night bombing.

I shall be told that it is impossible to make a distinction between military and industrial objectives on the one hand, and non-military and non-industrial objectives on the other hand. My reply is that since the time of Grotius, an attempt has been made to draw a distinction between the combatant and the civilian, and that, although one hears people argue that it is better for the whole community to be in the war, the blurring of the distinction in the present war by air bombing, and particularly night bombing, is, from a moral and humanitarian point of view, a retrograde step. In any case, if the agreement were an agreement to cease altogether from night bombing, that particular difficulty would, in that field, not arise.

Lord Crewe argues that we ought to concentrate on the prevention of war rather than to attempt to render it more humane. I agree, but in view of the terrible destructiveness of night bombing, surely there could be no harm in attempting this limitation. The declaration, or the agreement, could clearly define what was meant by night bombing. And if all night bombing were to cease, there would be no need to define the areas to be regarded as immune.

Lord Sankey says that the time and advisability of any solemn declaration are better entrusted to the Prime Minister. Naturally, the decision must rest with the Prime Minister. But, judging from his own expressed opinions, he is not the man to reject any kind of suggestion from the public, and this

is a matter which raises important moral as well as political considerations.

Lord Esher remarks that there are no non-combatants in totalitarian war, and that an agreement would impose a grave military handicap upon ourselves. I have spoken about non-combatants, and I have suggested at least questions to be raised from the purely military point of view.

I agree with Miss Storm Jameson's fear of the unspeakable difficulty of recovery if the destruction and devastation in Europe go much further, and I am very glad of the reasons she gives for her support.

To Miss Sayers I would say, as I have said above, " Is there any harm in trying the agreement, though Hitler's ideology and ours are, indeed, poles apart? "

Mr. St. John Ervine reminds me of the outcry in the last war by ' devout men ' against our use of poison gas. So far poison gas has not been used on either side, nor have wells been poisoned. There is something to be said for making a halt now, lest worse befall.

I would add one final argument which should be weighed at least as fully as that which warns us against the mutual devastation and destruction which will be caused to all Europe if bombing goes on. Little has been said of the effect on the airmen themselves: they know well what spiritual torment it must be to them to have to fly over territory, dropping bombs, with the certain knowledge that in innumerable cases the bombs must kill the women and children. At the beginning of the war, on September 14, 1939, it was officially announced in the House of Commons that " Whatever be the lengths to which others may go, His Majesty's Government will never resort to the deliberate attack of women and children and other civilians for purposes of mere terrorism." Granted that there never is deliberate attack by British airmen on German civilians, it is inevitable that civilians should suffer, and suffer far more than can be excused by military necessity, *when there is bombing by night*. Let us spare our airmen, or at the very least do our best to spare them, by making the declaration that we shall stop night bombing ourselves, if the Germans will also stop.

EVACUEES IN SOUTH-WEST ENGLAND

By John S. White

ALTHOUGH the Ministry of Health has compulsory powers with regard to the evacuation of children medically certified as "suffering in body or mind," these cannot be applied in order to evacuate children who have neither "been bombed nor subject to life in the shelters." Perhaps these powers have not been extended because the idea of general compulsion with regard to evacuation has an uninspiring Nazi taint, apart from the purely technical difficulties involved.

If, however, compulsion is not to be applied, then *publicity* is, possibly, the only means available to prevent the drift back and to break the "hard core" of unevacuated mothers and children still in the cities. This may be a unique example of a Government objective which can be satisfactorily achieved in a democracy only through the medium of propaganda.

There are now 1,275,000 evacuees, including teachers, helpers and other "staff" adults, dispersed throughout the rural countryside of England and Wales. A partial breakdown of this figure is as follows:

April, 1941.	
Unaccompanied children:	
(*a*) Billeted in private houses with Government assistance	485,000
(*b*) In Hostels	14,000
Mothers and Children:	
(*a*) Officially evacuated:	
Mothers	43,000
Children	78,000
(*b*) Privately evacuated with Government assistance:	
Mothers	150,000
Children	210,000

The "hard core" in the London County area, for example, consists of 95,000 school children still unevacuated out of 450,000, beside 42,000 "under fives" out of 225,000—a total of 137,000 children out of 675,000.

Although the total of evacuees now remains fairly steady from week to week, there is in fact a continual turnover from one week to the next. The evacuated population is a floating population—rather like that at a holiday resort during a peace-time summer. Because of this it can be safely assumed that most of the urban mothers are now well aware of the conditions they may expect in the country, either for their children or for themselves. When considering the type of propaganda to be used this fact should be borne in mind. The film *These children are safe*, which was produced by the British Council on behalf of the Ministry of Health at the beginning of the war, is now, in my opinion, out of date. The mothers know their children will be safer in the country—know they themselves will be safer too. But they know also what to expect in the way of unfriendly foster parents for their children, uncomfortable billets for themselves, unfurnished Communal Billets lacking everything save the bare necessities for existence and the " charity " offerings of the upper-class country folk.

Those who find good conditions stay put. Those who don't come home and tell the other mothers in the bombed street how badly they have been treated. The urban " whispering campaigns " on evacuation are mostly all against it. The Ministry of Health can only combat these campaigns by improving the conditions in the country and telling the unevacuated mothers about the reception authorities who have done their work well and kept their evacuees.

The reception authority is always the Local Council—whether Borough, Urban, or Rural. The Chief Billeting Officer is appointed by the Council, and is usually an official of it. The local Billeting Officers are voluntary workers responsible to their chiefs. It is probably the most thankless task in the war effort. One local Billeting Officer in Devon described himself to me as " the lowest form of human life in the County."

Where you find a good billeting authority there is always at least one member of the Council who is neither a big land owner nor a successful country solicitor—unlike most of the common herd of Council members. One or two go-ahead, bright sparks on a Council and the reception of evacuees in the district may be carried out smoothly and efficiently. But if the Council is entirely made up of passively elected ' stodge '—I can find no other word—the evacuees are apt to have a rough time and become a malignant source of heated discussion at every Council meeting.

A number of Councils have now set up special Welfare

Committees to deal with evacuation reception problems. In those districts where such Committees are in operation conditions are usually relatively good. In the South Western Region, for example, there are now 89 Evacuation Welfare Committees. In most cases the organization of these has been carried out in co-operation with the Women's Voluntary Services.

Generalizations are dangerous, especially when accusations are being made, but it is my impression that the work of the W.V.S. in co-operation with the Ministry of Health, however well-meaning it may be, betrays a certain lack of understanding. On several occasions W.V.S. leaders have said: "These Londoners have been spoon fed. We have got to make them stand on their own feet . . . ."

It is apparently useless to put forward the idea that even the W.V.S. leaders might find their feet a little unstable after some of the experiences through which the "spoon fed" Londoners have passed. Nevertheless, it is only fair to add that many a London family would have come trapsing back to a leaky, bombed home, in a dangerous area, if the Ministry had relied solely on the Local Authorities unaided by the W.V.S.

Mainly under the care of the Welfare Committees in the South Western Region there are now: 69 Social Centres; 70 School Feeding Centres; 19 Nursery Centres; 44 organized centres for out-of-school activities; 7 crêches for small babies. In addition there are 15 Communal Centres for mothers and children and 22 Information Bureaux for evacuees.

Impressive as these figures may appear at first sight it must be borne in mind that the services detailed cater for approximately half a million evacuees though not all of them, of course, require Welfare help. The national figures for Welfare activities also should perhaps be judged in relation to the total evacuee population of 1,275,000. Those figures available are arranged under slightly different headings and include Communal Billets, Hostels, Maternity Homes and Residential Nurseries. These are all residential communal activities which are becoming increasingly important as private billeting in one area after another reaches its maximum. The national figures for February, 1941, are as follows: Social Centres 634; Communal Feeding Centres 334; Occupational Clubs 545; Nursery and Play Centres 330; Residential Nurseries 208; Maternity Homes 130, accommodation 2,448 persons; Hostels for difficult children 621; Communal Billets 558.

The Government policy with regard to the vexed question of

communal versus private billeting—vexed that is in the minds of the average Council members—is quite clear. Private billeting was originally recommended because it was rightly believed that there is neither the accommodation nor the staff available to run large scale communal billets for a majority of the evacuees. At the same time the Ministry recognized that a proportion of both adult and child evacuees are "unbilletable" —i.e. no one will have them. This proportion was estimated at 5 per cent. so that each local authority was advised to arrange for the setting up of communal billets to absorb such a percentage of its quota. As far back as October, 1940, however, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, then Minister of Health, asked the councils to " make the fullest possible use of their powers of requisition " in taking over empty houses in order to relieve the pressure on the ordinary householders. Perhaps because of this communal billeting in most areas has increased much above 5 per cent. during the last six months.

The fact is that early in this year many Reception Authorities claimed already to have reached their maximums for private billeting. It is difficult to estimate the truth of these claims, and there may be some justification for the gibe that once the working class houses had been filled the Councils were determined to receive no more evacuees. When, however, the evacuees continued to arrive, communal billeting was resorted to as a further way of avoiding immediate and personal contact with the problem.

Detailed statistics with regard to populations and the available room space in each Reception Area are on record. In some cases these reveal discrepancies between the " full up " cries of the Local Authorities and the increases in population according to the number of evacuees received, both officially and privately. On the other hand room space is not really a fair measure, since to live decently evacuees and local inhabitants alike both require essential services such as sanitation, cooking facilities and water. The number of rooms suitable for sleeping in, for example, may not be in proportion to the number of lavatories.

Some towns, however, really did reach their private billeting maximums quite early on. One such town received four thousand evacuees on top of many hundreds of Free French and Flemish fishermen, making nearly a 25 per cent. increase in the population. When the Blitz came the Welfare Committee was forced by circumstances to requisition sixteen sea front hotels for the setting up of Communal Billets

for mothers and children. And the town already had 6 Hostels for children and 4 for mothers and children as well as a War Visitors' Club and a Communal Dining Room.

This town is an example of large scale communal billeting under a Welfare Committee which had endeavoured to carry out a private billet policy, but had been overwhelmed and forced to set up communal billets and hostels—almost, as it were, against its better judgment.

In one hostel for difficult, unbilletable boys in another district I saw listless, unhappy children herded together in a sordid, insanitary building insufficiently staffed with an overworked, though bravely cheerful, matron, one or two L.C.C. helpers and a number of voluntary workers supplied through the W.V.S. The whole house smelt badly of urine, unwashed children and old clothes.

"We've had that window mended six times," the matron said wearily. "We've had to take the bows and arrows away from the boys. But they make new ones and hide them under their beds." In discussing her difficulties she emphasized over and over again the lack of proper cleaning materials and equipment for amusing the children. The "playroom" was completely bare, without so much as a stick of furniture. The floor was bare—and not surprisingly the paper and been pulled from the walls and all the windows broken. I am glad to hear that the Regional Welfare Officer has since closed this hostel as "unsuitable."

On the other hand, a Communal Billet for mothers and children on the sea front was well run. The house was clean and tidy. Each family had been given a room. Two husbands, home on leave, were in residence without charge. The cooking was being done by the same Cornish woman who had been cook to the hotel before it was requisitioned. The food was well prepared and plentiful.

"This sort of thing costs three guineas a week in peace time," one of the mothers said to me. "It's nice. I only wish my old man was down here."

Twice weekly dressmaking classes are held in the sitting room. I watched one of these in progress and saw an L.C.C. Organizer of Continuative Education arranging a mannequin parade of sixteen-year-olds in the frocks their mothers had made. Together with clothes collected from the town, these were then put on sale at prices the evacuees could afford—a country version of far off Petticoat Lane.

The War Visitors' Club is in a theatre on the sea front.

The foyer of the theatre has been turned into a huge communal restaurant. I had lunch there—meat and two veg, "afters" and a cup of tea for tenpence. A dance in the theatre auditorium the following Saturday night was billed on the walls. The Green Room had been converted into a crêche with a Froebel Teacher in charge. On every side I heard Cockney, mixing in startling contrast with Cornish. At one table three Flemish fishermen conversed slowly in uncertain French with a Breton sailor. To refute all accusations of prejudice may I add that this excellent club is run by the local W.V.S.

If these strange contrasts (and there were many other cases of good and bad hostels) can be taken as an example of what happens when the Local Authority endeavours to carry out private billeting, but is overwhelmed, the sad story of another town might be described as what happens when the Council keeps to the very minimum of communal billeting originally suggested by the Government.

By the time this appears in print conditions in this town may very well have improved, and it should be borne in mind that the following is an account of what I saw last March.

The town had a Welfare Committee and the Chief Billeting Officer was the Headmaster of the local Grammar School. But the work of the W.V.S. there was actually of more importance than the work of the Committee. I had a feeling that most of the Committee members were more interested in local history than in the future of the evacuees. I may be wrong. "One of our chief difficulties," an official said, perhaps not entirely *au farçeur*, "has been to decide how to spell 'billeting.' We couldn't make up our minds between one or two t's."

Day after day the streets were filled with evacuees "walking round." This process was the result of privately billeted families being turned out of their billets at nine in the morning and told not to come back until seven at night. This, the householder is permitted to do by law, since all that is demanded by the Government is a room for the evacuees to sleep in and reasonable access to water, sanitation, etc. The W.V.S. had stepped into the breach and although I found a great deal of ill-feeling among the evacuees, it was perfectly obvious that without the W.V.S. Communal Dining Room, Clubs and Clothing Centre, conditions would have been a lot worse.

In spite of these difficulties the Committee had still kept religiously to its ideas on private billeting. So much so, in fact, that when a condemned house was taken over for

an evacuated Peckham family of seventeen (grandpa, grandma and two generations following), the house was first solemnly handed over to Mrs. Washer, the mother, and the rest of her family were then " privately billeted " on her, as a sort of ritual —the final establishment amounted in the end to a Communal Billet. Admittedly, however, a family of seventeen is no every-day occurrence in the life of a Billeting Officer.

Nevertheless the Washer family in their condemned house was the envy of every other evacuated family in the town. For the Washers were not turned out at nine and were at liberty to set up an oil stove and cook their own meals. Some of the mothers I talked to in the W.V.S. Centre told me that during the winter, when snow was on the ground, they were still forced to leave their billets at nine in the morning and walk round all day with their children.

" These people (the W.V.S.) saved our lives then," she said, " even if they do make you feel like a charity child. They are the only people round here with any heart. If I hadn't lost my house I'd go back tonight."

" What you want to ask yourself," one woman said *sotto voce*, " is could the Germans treat you any worse? " I assured her they could. " Then I don't know what else they'd do, short of shooting us all," she added.

As a reception authority you may unwillingly bow to the force of circumstance, or like other towns you may follow blindly the now out-of-date 5 per cent. policy laid down in Westminister before the Blitz. On the other hand you may courageously endeavour to ignore the suggestions of the Ministry of Health altogether. This last, apparently, the Civil Defence Committee at Kingsbridge, has done—and with start-ling results.

The Kingsbridge Rural Civil Defence Committee was set up by the Rural District Council before the outbreak of war. Its declared object, in the words of the chairman, was " to deal with everything arising out of war."

The Committee soon found, however, that the reception of evacuees took up more than eighty per cent. of their time at the bi-weekly meetings in the Council Chamber. The Committee members faced the issue squarely, decided they didn't like the idea of private billeting (for reasons unstated) that anyway it probably wasn't as efficient or even as comfortable for the evacuees as Communal Billeting and that they were going to found communal billets all over the 110 square miles of the Kingsbridge Rural District.

Anticipating Mr. MacDonald, they requisitioned 160 cou houses, seaside bungalows and week-end cottages. The t rental value amounted to £10,000 per annum apart from ra They formed a Cabinet of Directors: A Director of Activ was taken on to organize adult education for the mothers nursery schools for the little ones. A Director of Supplies appointed; even a Director of Gardens to raise fresh fruit vegetables on the estates of the requisitioned country hou The Rural District Council granted the Committee "comp powers" and the Committee used them.

When the evacuation train bearing the first 579 mothers children arrived at the branch line junction of South Bren was boarded by a bus-load of doctors. By the time the t reached Kingsbridge the medical inspection of the evacuees been completed. That was just the beginning. These mot and children were ushered into clean, well organized Commu Billets, each house in charge of a salaried Warden and his w House after house was filled, families with rooms to themsel next-door neighbours still next door, a whole London stree a single country mansion. Beds, blankets, cleaning mate and all the essentials of communal furniture were availabl

Then 675 unaccompanied children were added to the rap growing population. But there were still houses waiting, time with House Mothers to look after the tiny ones. Be eighteen months of war were past, more than 2,500 evac had settled in for the duration. When Plymouth was bli a request that Kingsbridge should take some more evac received the reply: "We are ready to-day for another should you care to send then tomorrow."

The M.O.H. instituted a Health Insurance Scheme on a per week contribution. He also diagnosed enuresis (b wetting) as "an illness" (which of course it is) and clai the 5s. per week extra on thirty enuretic children which then due to the Committee for billeting that number of " persons."

Even visiting husbands were catered for in a week- cottage known as "The Love Nest." Here mothers could their husbands for holidays away from the Communal Bil

The general rates for the mothers were 11s. weekly, 5s. a child over five, 3s. for each child under five. Those w worked in the kitchens got paid for it. Each mother did own room, made her own bed. There was a hot dinner ev day, high tea, good breakfast. The "return" figure for Kin bridge (15 per cent.) was one of the lowest in the country.

Communal billeting it would appear requires administration by an energetic Welfare Committee meeting at least twice weekly. The only alternative is the paid individual administrator, with experience in the organization of social and communal centres.

At Whitley, Reading, for example, an ex-miner from Pontypridd who had five years' experience in the East End of London, was running one of the best social and communal feeding centres in the country.

Sometimes communal billets have been set up by individual Billeting Officers almost as private concerns. At Dartington Hall, Totnes, nearly 300 boys and girls from Blackfriars and Gravesend were quartered in the Dartington Hall Primary School buildings and boarding houses for ten months before the Billeting Authorities obtained "recognition" of their hostel by the Ministry. This lack of recognition meant lack of funds and the facile assumption that the hostel could be run on the billeting money collected on each child was proved to be false, but not before the children themselves (to say nothing of the helpers and school teachers) had suffered badly from lack of equipment, poor food and bad conditions brought about by insufficient staffing, general penury and poor administration.

As the number of Councils claiming to have reached their private billeting maximums increases, the Ministry is rapidly adjusting its plans to suit the new conditions. Every hostel and communal billet must, of course, be "approved" by the Regional Office. A large staff of Welfare Officers carries out a continuous investigation of both hostels and private billets. As sympathetic experts these officials impressed me more than any members of the personnel in evacuation administration. In some parts there are as many as three Welfare Officers to a county. The rate in the increase of communal billets has in fact been so great that the Ministry is now endeavouring to solve the equipment shortage problem and the Ministry of Supply has placed orders for very large quantities of simply designed Communal furniture.

Communal Billeting, apparently, can be a success. Private billeting, on the other hand, is always likely to be full of difficulties. You can force an evacuee family on a household, but you cannot force the householder to be nice to his evacuees. Further, as the Shakespeare Report pointed out, no two women can use the same cooking stove and remain friends. But if it is difficult to billet families, unaccompanied children ought, one

feels, to be acceptable to even the stoniest of hearts. Curiously enough, this has not always turned out to be the case.

I personally believe that resistance to the private billeting of unaccompanied children is quite unnatural and contrary to the normal instincts of the women concerned. It is my opinion that this resistance is due to the refusal of the women to accept the emotional responsibility of having in the household a child which they may never see again once the war comes to an end. "Why," ask the country folk, "should we give our hearts for the evacuees to tear?"

It is the temporary nature of evacuation which frightens the foster parent. If, however, the Government were to publicize widely a scheme by means of which wartime foster parents could be placed in a position to continue their association with their charges after the war—should they wish to do so—a great deal of this resistance would be broken down. The children could, for example, be offered State-aided holidays in their wartime homes with free travel vouchers. But in this connection I part company with the Ministry of Health, who believe that the acceptance of evacuees should be presented to the public as a national service. They claim that the effect of a scheme such as I envisage would be disastrous with regard to the attitude of the parents of unevacuated children. I believe, on the other hand, that the parents would be glad to know their children had found holiday "footholds" in the country.

In the eyes of the public, if anything goes wrong with evacuation, the Ministry of Health, and only the Ministry of Health is to blame. Ministry officials point out that the Government has nominated the local councils as the reception authorities, and the councils have accepted these wartime responsibilities. If a certain council fails to carry out its work efficiently, to a very large extent the council must be held to blame and not the Ministry. This may be a case of passing the buck, but there is quite a lot in the argument—as things are. What I do not agree with is the original allocation of responsibility.

Reception areas are rural areas. Rural areas are notoriously conservative—particularly when it comes to the election of local government administrators. The general run of local government members in rural areas are fairly monied, middle-class folk with little understanding of the working class problems in their own districts—let alone the working class problems of evacuated urban mothers and their children.

Evacuation reception is apt to take on an air of charity. The evacuees tend to become paupers and the council members benevolent distributors of succour to the poor.

Surely it would have been possible to make the elected local government representatives of the evacuees in the evacuation areas equally responsible with the reception councils? True that in the case of unaccompanied children the L.C.C. employed teachers are told to look after the interests of their charges. True that at the outset L.C.C. representatives went down with most of the evacuees and saw them into their billets. But these representatives soon returned to London. The school teachers have no real authority over the Billeting Officers and Councils.

Once they have been blitzed the urban councils have plenty to do at home. But such work would be lighter if evacuation were extended. Without compulsion this can only be done by publicity—and an improvement of reception conditions. The Ministry takes care of the publicity and its welfare officers do their best concerning the conditions. But if the publicly elected local government representatives of the evacuees could appoint Evacuee Inspectors or Officers—call them what you will—general evacuee meetings could be called, grievances aired and genuine complaints brought to the notice of the Billeting Officers—without anyone making what is to-day the dangerous accusation that someone else is an "agitator."

As things are at present, however, Communal Billeting, on Kingsbridge lines, would appear to be the best solution of a problem which may be with us for several years, even after the war has ended.

MODERN PROSE FORMS

I. A Word for the Essay

By Eric Gillett

OF the more serious literary forms, the essay is easily the most friendly and readable. People whose reading must be right up to the minute do not usually care for it, but the true book lover almost always loves it. In no other form of literary composition, except honest autobiography and poetry, are we brought into closer touch with the writer. He lays before us his tastes and aspirations, his hatred of cold veal, his love of apple dumplings, his hopes of Heaven, his fear of Hell. Nothing is too trivial, nothing too important to figure in his confessions, and the outstanding feature of the English essay is the frankness and intimacy shown by the writer towards his readers. And yet the essayist has to exercise the nicest tact in all that he says.

It is his duty to establish and maintain this close relationship. The English reader is easily put off. He objects strongly to being bludgeoned into a line of thought. M. André Maurois once remarked that if you want to induce the English to do something new, you must show them that they have been doing it all along. An English essayist who wishes to be popular should never propound radical opinions. The true essay lover is usually a conservative in his literary tastes and often feels that the good old days are past and done with.

If it be true that a proper appreciation of Milton is the reward of a life-time of classical scholarship, it may also be said that the personal essay makes its strongest appeal to readers whose minds are mature. Not long ago a statistician recorded that the average mental age of an adult in this country is fourteen years. Perhaps these two circumstances account for the comparative neglect of the essay by literary critics in recent years. Twenty years ago the essay was on a pedestal. Robert Louis Stevenson's essays gave pleasure to countless readers of all ages. There was a small but enthusiastic public never tired of singing the praises of Mr. Max Beerbohm. The essayists of

the Romantic Revival, with Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith were widely read and quoted, but there is no doubt that Stevenson exercised the greatest influence and had the widest popularity especially among young readers, and it was Stevenson who took many of them back to Hazlitt. The formula of the open road which these two writers used was to preoccupy a number of twentieth century essayists later on but Hazlitt and Stevenson are the two men who spread the pleasant infection.

Stevenson's position as an essayist seems less secure now than it did twenty years ago and the reason for this comparative neglect is given more succinctly by Sir Arthur Conan-Doyle in his too little known and altogether charming book of gossip about books and authors, *Through The Magic Door*, than anywhere else. After remarking that *Men and Books* and *Virginibus Puerisque* are high examples of what may be done in spite of the inherent difficulties that beset an essay writer, Sir Arthur goes on:

> But his style! Ah, if Stevenson had only realized how beautiful and nervous was his own natural God-given style he would never have been at pains to acquire another! It is sad to read the much-lauded anecdote of his imitating this and that, picking up and dropping, in search of the best. The best is always the most natural. When Stevenson becomes a conscious stylist, applauded by so many critics, he seems to me like a man who, having most natural curls, will still conceal them under a wig. The moment he is precious he loses his grip. But when he will abide by his own sterling Lowland Saxon, with the direct word and the short, cutting sentence, I know not where in recent years we may find his mate. In this strong, plain setting the occasional happy word shines like a cut jewel.

This is remarkably perceptive criticism. To read *Virginibus Puerisque* to-day is to experience only modified rapture. These essays are so very literary. It is as though Stevenson were saying "I am a thoroughly well equipped man of letters. I can be allusive, gay, plaintive, moving, or anything else to order. In fact I can deliver the goods and they shall come to you in any packing or patterned wrapper you care to name."

There is no inevitability about Stevenson's essays. They are not easy to identify as their author's work, except where his natural Scottish mother wit and humour break through. Then he is inimitable. The pity of it is that so few of his imitators realized this. They appropriated the Stevensonian languors and posturings, the over-cultivated elegance of the style, but they refused to see that the honest Scot would keep breaking through, and that every time he did so the essays came alive.

It has always seemed to me that the work in this kind of

another essayist of the Nineties, Kenneth Grahame, far better known as a writer for and about children, shows perceptible Stevensonian markings.

Pagan Papers was published in 1898 and recalled to any number of reviewers the name and methods of Stevenson. "The eulogy of the loafer," wrote one, "ranks second only to Mr. Stevenson's praise of the idler." It does indeed and it might have been Stevenson who wrote it, so imitative is the style. In *The White Poppy* Mr. Grahame is off on another tack. Here is the sleep-drenched atmosphere which de Quincey suggested to perfection. This prose is mannered but it is beautiful. It marches with a slow and solemn majesty:

> Of another hue is the poppy of history, of romance, of the muse. White as the stark death-shroud, pallid as the cheeks of that queen of a silent land whose temples she languorously crowns, ghost-like besides her fuller-blooded kin, she droops dream-laden, *Papaver Somniferum*, the poppy of the magic juice of oblivion.
>
> In the royal plenitude of summer, the scarlet blooms will sometimes seem but a red cry from earth in memory of the many dews of battle that have drenched these acres in years gone by, for little end but that these same 'bubbles of blood' might glow to-day; the yellow flower does but hint of the gold that has dashed a thousand wrecks at her feet around these shores: for happier suggestion we must turn to her of the pallid petals, our White Lady of Consolation. Fitting hue to typify the crowning blessing of forgetfulness!

Grahame was only one of many writers who decorated the closing years of the nineteenth century with arabesques of coloured and sometimes over-coloured prose. In his earlier essays the "Incomparable Max" as Mr. Bernard Shaw termed him when he introduced him as his successor in the post of dramatic critic to the *Saturday Review*, was both mannered and precious, but with the first line that he wrote in *The Works of Max Beerbohm* that slender book which brought him any number of readers, his reputation was secure and he has his place among the English essayists. His appeal is not so wide as that of other eminent writers in this kind. It is more decidedly literary and artistic. One cannot easily imagine Sir Max, enjoying a long solitary tramp of so many miles, be the road straight or winding, to luncheon. As for a sociable walk with a friend after luncheon, he has shown what he thinks of that mild country diversion in one of his more satirical essays.

It was in 1895 at the mature age of twenty-three that Sir Max sketched his life's plan in *Diminuendo*. Cosiness was to be the essayist's creed. He professed to have taken a villa residence at —ham where there is no traffic and no harvest. Nothing

happens there. Only the infrequent vans of Buszard or of Mudie would pass his door, and the retired military man from next door would be there for very occasional conversation. He himself would devote his life to contemplation, to a close scrutiny of the more sensational pages of the newspaper, and of any beauty and oddity that might come his way.

Ever since he has done so, and has recorded his experiences almost invariably with delicious and sometimes with devastating effect. Never has there been a less didactic writer and never one with a more scrupulous regard for the accurate and even sympathetic portrayal of eccentrics, ranging from the fictitious Enoch Soames, an obscure poet of the nineties, to the remarkable Mr. Coates, who is commemorated as 'Poor Romeo': "He was so fantastic an animal that Oblivion were indeed amiss. If no more, he was a great fool. In any case, it would be fun to have seen him."

That is just what one feels about so many of Sir Max's people. It would be such fun to see them. He shows a kind of Olympian enjoyment in these portraits and not one of them is more delicate and memorable than the study of Swinburne and Watts-Dunton in *No. 2, The Pines.*

The late Dixon Scott once referred to one of Sir Max's books as being at the same time fine literature and a lark, and this phrase can be applied to almost everything Sir Max has written. His talent is intensely personal, though the writer is never obtrusive, so personal that it is the despair of the translators (just as Charles Lamb is), and it is full of gaiety and scorn, urbanely and courteously expressed for the pedants and drones of life and literature. It would be an excellent thing for many of our younger writers if Sir Max Beerbohm were to hold for their benefit a school of literary deportment.

In a brief survey of this kind in which it is possible only to indicate a few of the principal essay writers of a period exceedingly rich in them, the name of Alice Meynell must find a place. Generally speaking women writers have not taken kindly to essay writing. Jane Jewsbury, Virginia Woolf, and Miss Rose Macaulay are the best of them and Miss Macaulay's mind is too lively and alert, too stimulating to be that of an ideal essayist. Alice Meynell wrote a very careful, studied prose, which had rhythm and contained the results of exquisitely scrupulous observation, as in this piece on horizons:

> On the horizon, moreover, closes the long perspective of the sky. There you perceive that an ordinary sky of clouds—not a thunder sky—is not a wall, but the underside of a floor. You see the clouds that

repeat each other grow smaller by distance; and you find a new unity in the sky and earth that gather alike the great lines of their designs to the same distant close. There is no longer an alien sky, tossed up in unintelligible heights.

Of all the things that London has foregone, the most to be regretted is the horizon. Not the bark of the trees in its right colour; not the spirit of the growing grass, which has in some way escaped from the parks; not the smell of the earth unmingled with the odour of soot; but rather the mere horizon. No doubt the sun makes a beautiful thing of the London smoke at times, and in some places of the sky; but not there, not where the soft sharp distance ought to shine. To be dull there is to put all relations and comparisons in the wrong, and to make the sky lawless.

This is acutely observed and memorable in expression but in writing of Mrs. Meynell as an essayist I think it would be fair to say that she lacks the touch of intimacy which is essential to the expert in that kind of writing. Charm and accurate observation are not enough. The personality of the writer must come through. It must establish the friendliest and most intimate relations with the reader. The essay must seem to be a message from a particularly congenial friend who is writing for this reader alone. That is why the writer must project his friendly personality with such effect that each one of his readers feels that his message or information is intended for himself alone.

There are four regular contributors to the daily and weekly press to-day who have this charming quality of friendliness in all that they write. All these writers regard their own spheres of life with a humorous and contemplative eye. They are not afraid to laugh at themselves and, urbanely, at their readers. They have style. They are men of wide reading who wear their learning very lightly and quote with such disarming aptness that even the lowest browed of their readers is not made afraid.

For many years Mr. Bernard Darwin has written about golf in the pages of *The Times* and *Country Life*. In earlier days he was a great proficient at the game but his love of it has never made him shut his eyes to the other pleasures of life. No one, for instance, has ever quoted Dickens half as well as he does. He could sit for an examination on the contents of that minor classic, Stevenson's *The Wrong Box*. He can write about golf as well as William Hazlitt wrote about fives or boxing. Mr. Darwin is an amateur of old, accustomed things. A visit to the country doubles its value if it is accompanied by a familiar and much loved ritual, as in *A Sussex Week-end*:

> The next feature on the Saturday morning is a lovely drive of something over twenty miles through Sussex, and there is a strict order to be maintained; we go by way of downs and the fields full of red poppies and the old castellated toll-house in the hollow, and we come back by way of the real castle on the hill and the great cool, shady woods that belong to it. When we get there—and 'there' is by the sea—the heat seems to bounce off the pavement and hit us in the face, till we pack ourselves into a ferry boat and are rowed across a shining strip of water to the club-house. There we take off all the clothes we possibly can and even the most bigoted member of the side presents a horrid appearance in a blue shirt and braces. Then we go out to play four foursomes, and some two-and-a-half hours later we come in again rather the worse for wear to find that we, the visitors, have lost all four of them. Some of us gradually do better later on, but we always begin by hanging that very solid millstone round our necks and most of us say that our respective opponents have gone out in two under four's.

And then on to a comprehensive praise of lobster and cricket matches which could only have been written by an epicure of English country life. Some enterprising publisher should collect all Mr. Darwin's golf essays into one tremendous golf omnibus, if the paper controller would allow such prodigality. They make perfect escapist reading now as do the cricket writings of Mr. Neville Cardus.

In time of peace Mr. Cardus combined the rôles of cricket and musical critic to the *Manchester Guardian*. Some years ago one of the talented young gentlemen of the *New Statesman* referred to him as the "Saint-Beuve of the cricket field" and what the dour cricketers of the North thought of that curious compliment no one will ever know. It is perfectly true to say that as a stylist Mr. Cardus can be compared to such experts of the cricket field as the late L. C. H. Palairet and Mr. R. H. Spooner. No praise, it is probable, would please him more. Whether he writes of test matches, or country, school, country house, or village cricket Mr. Cardus writes with wholehearted zest. There is never a trace of weariness or boredom. He can make a man enjoy cricket in his pages who would normally make a detour of several miles to avoid a cricket ground. And as Mr. Cardus writes he reveals his own resourceful, many-sided personality with an unassuming frankness which soon endears him to the reader.

One of the most delightful and consistent of contemporary essayists is Mr. Robert Lynd, who for well over twenty-five years has contributed a weekly essay to the *New Statesman* over the initials "Y.Y." Here are charm and wit and urbanity.

As Lady Squire remarked in an introduction to an anthology of Mr. Lynd's essays which she compiled:

> His resemblance to Charles Lamb is manifest. His whimsicality is, perhaps, not so pronounced in tone; but it is the underlying charm of his writings. The clearest note that rings, a soft, silvery-voiced note, is one of complete sincerity. There is neither pose nor preciousness about these essays; always witty and amusing, they are still, primarily, utterly simple and straightforward.

This is high praise but it is deserved. At his very best Mr. Lynd is worthy of a place in any representative anthology of the English essayists. Such pieces as *Eggs: an Easter Homily*, *The Butt Gatherer* and *The Wryneck* are quite first rate.

Some years ago there appeared a selection of the light leading articles from *The Times*. Most of these were the work of Mr. Douglas Woodruff who now edits *The Tablet* with such distinction. He has never, I think, done anything better than the frivolous papers which brought up the rear of the procession of leading articles, "not unlike urchins clinging on to the back of a dray." The titles of some of these short leaders will show how wide he cast his net. He offered information about *A Goat of Illinois*, *Loquacity as a Profession*, *Chinese Boxing*, *Crocodiles in Scotland*, *Prison for Parrots*, and *Lunacy for All*. The ridiculous craze for "records" of all kinds which has been infecting the world for some years now, the germ carrier being the more idiotic popular newspapers, is the object of some timely satire. The achievement of the American lady who raced cheerfully up the stairs of the Woolworth Building in the record time of thirteen minutes is fittingly commemorated. She had to pass fifty-six landings on the way, and at the summit she was still so astonishingly buoyant that she offered to sing an operatic air:

> Her friends, however, dissauded her on the ground that she had done enough, and no muezzin's cry rang out over New York. The Mayor of the City, who welcomed the first mother to swim the Channel with the declaration that she had by her feat justified the increasing liberties her sex had been taking since the War, is clearly the right man to point the moral of this new athlete's achievement.

At the time of writing Mr. Bernard Darwin is maintaining the standard of excellence set for *The Times* light leaders by Mr. Woodruff, but as might be expected Mr. Darwin, who is certainly as urbane as his predecessor, is much less satirical and usually much cosier, if one may apply to these essays one of Sir Max Beerbohm's favourite epithets. There is every risk of a brief survey like this becoming a catalogue. For that reason

I do not propose to review the work of many admirable writers, Sir John Squire, Mr. E. M. Forster, Mr. Arthur Waugh and Mr. Desmond MacCarthy among them, whose essays are mainly literary. One name remains. It is that of Mr. J. B. Priestley. This writer has established reputations in several different branches of literature. His novels, plays, autobiographical and critical writings have been justly praised but to my mind he has never done anything better than his essays. There are several books of them, the best of which are *Papers from Lilliput, I For One, Open House, The English Comic Characters, Apes and Angels* and *The Balconinny*, and the author has collected a number of them in *Self-Selected Essays*.

Mr. Priestley's approach to the essay is extraordinarily interesting. He depicts himself as a frank, guileless, ordinary chap, who likes his pipe, pint of beer, slippers, and a quiet seat in the corner. The reader of his other essays who has not read *The English Comic Characters*, one of the best books of critical appreciative essays on comedy ever written, might conceivably be bluffed by Mr. Priestley's oft-repeated protestation of his ordinariness. No one else will.

It seems likely that these attractive essays on a wide variety of subjects will be read a good many years hence. In a few pages Mr. Priestley paints a most sympathetic picture of the comedian, Little Tich; he has his fortune told; he just escapes a motor accident; he experiences the thrills, humours, and boredom of a Northern Union Rugby match; he stays at a terrifying respectable residential hotel. One evening he was early for dinner in his own home. There was no one in the drawing room when he came in and switched on the wireless and found himself being addressed by a very thin and precise voice.

> Apparently I had blundered into an eulogy of some great man, whose name I never heard. I gathered that his explorations were famous. Then the voice went on: 'He was a no mean botanist, and was a fine geologist. The Astronomer Royal admitted that he owed him a great deal!' I did not wait to hear any more. I switched off. That was something I could do; I, who am neither geologist nor botanist, astronomer nor explorer. I could switch off, and I did. What I heard was sufficiently depressing, and I did not want to be told, as I feel sure I should have been told, that this great unknown could speak twelve languages, had won the mile and the amateur lightweight championship, and had played for England at hockey, and was, of course, an excellent musician. I had had enough. I sat in silence until dinner was ready, brooding. Then I went and ate heartily. I nearly always do, but you can't make much of an accomplishment out of that. If my turn ever came to be eulogized (and I see no reason why it ever

should), they would not be able to hide the great blank spaces by remarking: 'He was always a hearty feeder.'

That paragraph is very characteristic of the writer's approach to a subject which he intends to treat with good-tempered mockery but it does not contain even the faintest trace of the beauty which by turn of phrase or arrangement of words often shines out in these essays. *On Seeing Stratford* is one of the most perfect things of its kind in English. After debunking the traditional approach to the literary shrine, all slow music and forced gravity, Mr. Priestley goes on in a final passage to tell where and how he found beauty and reality in Stratford:

> And there was one moment, the other afternoon, when I did really feel I was treading upon his (Shakespeare's) own ground. It was when we were in the gardens of New Place, very brave in the spring sunlight. You could have played the outdoor scene of *Twelfth Night* in them without disturbing a leaf. There was the very sward for Viola and Sir Andrew. Down that paved path Olivia would come, like a great white peacock. Against that bank of flowers the figure of Maria would be seen, fluttering like a starling. The little Knott Garden, alone was worth the journey and nearer to Shakespeare than all the documents and chairs and monuments. It was a patterned blaze of tulips, the Elizabethan gentlefolk among flowers. The white ones, full open and very majestic, were the great ladies in their ruffs; and multicoloured ones, in all their bravery of crimson and yellow, were the gentlemen in doublet and striped hose. The little crazy-paved paths added a touch of pride and fantasy and cross-gartering, as if Malvolio had once passed that way. And then, to crown all, there were many rows of sweet-smelling English herbs, thyme and sage and marjoram, and misty odorous borders of lavender. I remember that when we left that garden to see the place where Shakespeare was buried, it didn't seem to matter much. Why should it when we had just seen the place where he was still alive?

That extract calls for no comment. It is a lovely thing, one of the many lovely things the contemporary essay has given us. And if these brief, discursive notes should send others to the writings which have inspired them, my purpose will be achieved.

(*Mr. Gillett, critic and broadcaster, is now editing* St. Martin's Review. *He was formerly Johore Professor at Raffles College, Singapore.*)

EBB AND FLOW

By Stephen Gwynn

American Commentary

MISS Clare Boothe's *European Spring** gives a vivid picture of what our minds were like before the last twelve months, into which more upsetting things were crowded than into a pre-Hitler decade. Coming to Europe, an American super-woman (or, say rather, a super-American woman) with fame and fortune acquired by writing plays, she emerged from her Atlantic liner in company with the lady who edits America's most opulent fashion paper. Money was to command, introductions to match; she could see and talk with almost everybody, much as if she had been one of Mr. Roosevelt's emissaries; and no bump of veneration impeded her vision. Shrewdly she decided against publishing her impressions piecemeal; the pace of things was too great for chronicling them as they went by; but from day to day she noted what people were thinking, or encouraging themselves to think that they thought. If she does not tell us why things happened in France, at least she shows that while they were happening France was nominally governed by persons chiefly concerned to shift responsibility from each to each. All Frenchmen, and for that matter all Frenchwomen, seemed ready to do anything they were asked to do for France; but nobody had either the will or the power to organize a maximum effort and keep it running. Hitler had both.

She went to England while Mr. Chamberlain still was in charge; British military circles appeared to her far from anxious to see Mr. Churchill at the helm. Then she went back to the continent, and in Holland found a well-informed people on the eve of invasion, totally unprepared because preparation would have seemed unneutral. These pages give a vivid picture of civilization aware that barbarism is at the door. Next day she was in Brussels and the day after that bombs began to fall. Then in Paris she saw everything crumbling about her before she took the Clipper back. She does not

*European Spring, by Clare Boothe. *Hamish Hamilton*. 10s. 6d.

admire the wishful thinking of European democracies and does admire the thoroughness and intelligence with which the Germans go about their business of plundering; she prays that England may be able to preserve her own way of life: but I detect no conviction that England by herself can get the better of Germany. The battle of Britain hardly comes into her story, but she was in England during the evacuation from Dunkirk and thought the English too ready to see victory in that avoidance of final defeat—not realizing that it was a victory to prevent superior numbers from gaining mastery of the air over the Channel and the country itself. Still, her book is not only witty and shrewd but forces us to ask ourselves how some similar observer may review the events of this second spring—in which there has been nothing to stop Germany but the single Empire of Great Britain with such assistance in material as America could manufacture and deliver.

* * * * *

Freedom's Staying-Power

That Empire, though single, is a manifold and far-reaching entity, certainly not like the *Reich* "based," as Dr. Ernest Barker says, "on a real or imaginary unity of race." Writing in the "Current Problems" Series which he edits,* he makes us aware that to-day's war is a struggle between two organizations very different in purpose and type. The German Empire seeks to unify, and to unify by force; if it expands, it is only to give room for the free development of a racial unity. It has been theory-ridden from the outset, whereas the British Empire simply happened, arising from "the expansion of an insular and maritime people overseas for the two purposes of settlement and business." Whether trade counted most in that expansion, or the mere pressure of population, joined to a spirit of adventure, which trade helped, may be argued; but we can agree with Dr. Barker that a new purpose emerged as the Empire spread; it became "a subtle and intricate structure for the development of human freedom." And so we arrive at the present confrontation. The *Reich* with its eighty millions of Germans, self-recognized as belonging to the same race, among all of whom liberty has been suppressed to a degree that would never have been tolerated even in the British professional army, meets some seventy million white British subjects, behind whom stand more than four hundred million Asiatics and Africans. Counting heads, Great Britain has overwhelm-

*Ideas and Ideals of the British Empire, by Ernest Barker. *Cambridge University Press.* 3s. 6d.

ing superiority of numbers; but in the military reckoning Germany holds long odds in everything but ships, and has incalculable advantage in preparedness. Yet almost every man and every woman in Great Britain is confident of the result: they believe in the staying power of freedom. Probably down in their subconscious minds is a faith that even if the British islands were subjugated, the British empire could reorganize itself about one of its other distinct nerve-centres, and would do so in concert with that other part of the English-speaking world which is powerfully affected already by British ideas and ideals. "The United States, if it left us in 1783, still retained, and still retains" (Dr. Barker says) "the general system of English law." It retains also that idea of government by consent of the governed, which is alien to the whole spirit of the German *Reich*—and incompatible with the Spartan or Prussian organization. In war the Spartan plan has enormous advantages; it is incomparably simpler, submitting all to the test of immediate military efficiency; yet in truth it is too simple for the needs of humanity. *Lebensraum* is necessary in an empire but it means room for different ways of life. The German *Reich* if it were extended over so many countries and populations as the British empire includes would be a tyranny that could not last because it could not be borne.

Even as things are, the German structure, though more close-planned and coherent, pays for this in rigidity and Dr. Barker's book illustrates in a score of ways that elasticity to which British rule owes its continued extension. Much is due also to that genius for improvisation in which the British races excel.

Mr. Donald Cowie in a book which is frankly propagandist describes the British contribution* to modern civilization. Among "ideas and inventions that have helped," he includes cricket, football and the plays of Shakespeare; and though horse racing was not devised by the British genius, the totalisator was born in New Zealand—where they have 320 racing days a year. There are of course many more serious instances, especially the British navy. After the last war a German writer observed that German policy had failed to allow sufficiently for "the British genius for maritime war." Then the navy showed its power to think under the surface as well as on it; now that it must think overhead also, Mr. Cowie gives us confidence that the same ingenuity will serve the needs of the same dogged courage.

*The British Contribution, by Donald Cowie. *Allen & Unwin.* 5s.

If only we had the same confidence in respect of that powe whose qualities have been the necessary complement to our

Indispensable France

in making European civilization! Yet w should remember at every instant how little w know of what is thought and felt and spoke among Frenchmen to-day—no matter in what part of France No voices are allowed to reach us except those of men wh consent to be Germany's mouthpieces. I commend earnestly for general reading Mr. Ian Black's volume in which, gathering up his life's experiences and reflections, he chooses to be known as "a friend of France."* He is by profession a financier which gives a man something of an international viewpoint but his tastes have inclined him to face all problems with France no less than England in mind. He is indeed one o those Englishmen who would for their pleasure always rathe be in France than anywhere else. Climate, food and drink certainly appeal to him, but the real attraction has been French culture; one of his life's chief interests was the enterprise which brought together the *Compagnie des Quinze*, and those who saw that marvellous cast when they brought M. Obey's plays to London probably owe something to Mr. Black. Knowing France from the inside, he knew what serious Frenchmen thought about politics; at the end at least one of the prominent ministers, M. Monnet, was his friend; and from the nature o his business, he was obliged to appreciate the moving forces in French finance—too closely related to their politics. Plainly he disapproves of finance as a political guide for any country In England and in the United States, the idea of collective security was rejected by people who thought it desirable that every man should be free to get as rich as he could in his own way. The Kellogg pact ruled out war: why spend on armament? French finance was not so sure that no one would be fool enough to make war: it wanted security, security to keep what it had, more than freedom to expand. Meanwhile the operations of speculative finance kept currencies fluctuating and denied to all, but chiefly to the war-weakened countries the fundamental security, which is that the same money will continue to buy the same things. Europe was divided against itself; the Germans fell back on their traditional belief in the sword; but even the Germans whom Mr. Black met in 1933 were convinced that the security of France was the security of Europe. He says,

*A Friend of France, by Ian Black. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

What united Europeans needed was not the international trade, of which our newspapers talked as the magic healer of all conflict, but a common heritage of classical culture, which had descended from Greece and Rome to the French and ourselves, but in which Germany never joined.

Obviously, on that view Italy's natural place was with France and England—and Mussolini would have agreed; but then came Abyssinia and a consequent weakening of ties. Italy was pushed towards Germany, France, endangered, and aware of its danger, grew angry with Britain. England he holds was to blame for not guaranteeing French security against German attack before we asked France to break relations with Mussolini. But the comfortable British middle-class solidly in power, had no belief in dangers, because they thought their own security unshakeable—as America did till yesterday. English houses were recovering from the great American slump but its effects were still painfully felt throughout Europe.

The aim of autarchy was not at first to be independent of war but to escape from the influences of the devastating booms and slumps of England and America.

So Mr. Black writes, and he was much impressed by the fact that Russia had known no unemployment nor any depression while America with all its wealth "showed a series of crashes and unhealthy booms." In short, this financier is no less convinced than any German that there must be a "new order"; that we dare not go back to the world in which private finance, controlling modern technique, had free play. He has imagination enough to perceive that mankind will gladly give up much for an idea.

The emotional satisfaction we feel when an appeal to our spirit of self-sacrifice is made proves that values exist which are more important than physical comfort . . . . Hitler is right when he says that people prefer to be ruled to living in chaos.

But who is to rule?

The old alliance of America, France and ourselves must be renewed . . . . It is the union of the strength and idealism of America, the culture of France and the traditions of England which alone can create the standards of the new world for which we long.

France for the moment is down and out—not solely by the fault of Frenchmen.

If the political history of our ally over the last ten years was an endless change of governments, ours was the continuance in power of a government which had been no more ready for war than theirs . . . . We no more wished to live dangerously and upset our comfortable lives than the French, we did all we could in all parties to put off the day of conscription.

Admittedly the French leading was poor. "Men of forty were few in numbers; too many had been killed in the last war." Mr. Black prints a figure not always borne in mind: France's killed were 1,385,300; Great Britain's 743,700—excluding Dominion and colonial troops. Yet the population of Great Britain was several million higher than that of France.

London to this observer is "the bridge between Paris and New York." He regards the French as indispensable agents in the reconstruction of Europe because they set a higher value on culture and less on money making. But the France of the future must be a different France, which must:

> Live through a period of self discipline and create a new ruling class which the French citizen will respect and be ready to obey . . . . Many leading Frenchmen thought it their duty to remain in France, and try to take part in this renovation of the national life, even if their country became a German protectorate as the result of a 'compromise peace.'

England is not thinking of any compromise peace; and, no matter what may be done or said by the Frenchmen who consent to collaborate with Germany, it will be well if England bears in mind many things that are set out in this book. The responsibility for failure was a joint responsibility; and England never fairly faced the fact that if war came, the first tremendous shock must fall on the French. A book like this makes us realize what is lost to Europe even by the temporary eclipse of France. A reading of it, though it is neither skilfully composed nor written, will give English people an infinitely truer notion of what France is than anything which can possibly at present reach them through the newspapers.

A TERRIBLE STORY

By Sir J. A. R. Marriott

REDERICK THE GREAT, by Pierre Gaxotte. Translated by R. A. Bell. *Bell.* 15*s.*

My first reaction to M. Pierre axotte's life of Frederick the Great as, let me confess, a disappointment. o a student of political history the ook seemed to lack balance. M. axotte has filled 190 out of his 428 ages before he gets Frederick on to the rone of Prussia, at the age of eight and venty. Considering that Frederick's lace in history is that of a statesman nd a soldier, this allocation of space emed to me disproportionate, and the ore regrettable because the strictly olitical chapters in the book are so traordinarily good. Nothing could better than the analysis of Frederick's stem of government and of his olitical views in the chapter (IX) ntitled *Fredericus Rex.*

But having re-read much of the book nd considered it as a whole I have no sitation in describing it as a truly dmirable piece of work. The analytical bliography appended to the book oves that although the author makes parade of the apparatus of original search, his work is based upon an haustive study both of sources and secondary authorities. The book , therefore, well worth the attention students, though it is primarily addressed, I imagine, to the general reader. It should be widely read by all who would make closer acquaintance with a singularly interesting personality.

The book is, indeed, a study of a personality rather than of a politician. Herein lies the justification of the detail with which the story of the childhood, youth and early manhood of Frederick is told. A terrible story it is. All readers of Carlyle are, of course, familiar with his picture of the "drill serjeant" King Frederick William I, and of the relations between the father and his distinguished son. Nevertheless, M. Gaxotte's detailed description of the brutality with which that son was treated cannot but excite horror even in the minds of those who have been made aware of the cruelties practised to-day in German concentration camps.

The book is, indeed, pre-eminently timely. True it is that the Nazi philosophy has now captured the minds not merely of the Prussian but of the German people. Nevertheless, it is increasingly realized that the root of the trouble is to be sought in Prussia, and in the Prussianization of Germany. This process began with Frederick the Great. Frederick it was who preached the gospel of perfidy. "There are," he said in the *Anti-Macchiavel* "certain

grievous necessities which may make it impossible for a prince to avoid breaking his treaties and alliances." He had been but a few months on the throne when he launched his attack upon Silesia. Not even Hitler's assault upon Czechoslovakia was more unprovoked. No sooner had Frederick secured Silesia than he threw over France, whose alliance had enabled him to secure the booty. His partnership with the Tzarina Catherine II led to the partitioning of Poland, and anticipated the equally sinister alliance of Hitler and Stalin.

M. Gaxotte passes few judgments. His narrative is almost purely objective. He allows the facts to speak for themselves. They speak loudly enough. Very clearly, however, does the author explain the position of the Hohenzollern dominions when Frederick came to the throne: their dispersal from the Niemen to the Rhine, with ugly gaps between the scattered fragments, and their consequent vulnerability. It was said of the Dukes of Savoy-Piedmont that "geography hardly permitted them to behave like honest men." That was even more true of the Hohenzollern. Frederick accepted the situation, and cynically carried out the policy imposed upon him by circumstance. "His conscience," writes M. Gaxotte, "did not tell him to obey a law coming from on high, but to hand on to his successor a kingdom greater in strength, population, arms, riches and extent. Success was his criterion . . ." Precisely. That is the genuine Prussian spirit. Bismarck entered into the inheritance of Frederick the Great, and bequeathed it to Adolf Hitler.

But neither with Bismarck nor with Hitler is Mr. Gaxotte concerned. His book is the biography of a man, a stu of a personality. His purpose is, fine, psychological rather than politic The portrait of Frederick stands out that of the disciple and friend Voltaire; the lover of France and all things French, the hater (thou perforce the temporary ally) of Englan the despiser of Poland, the nervo enemy of Russia, though the Tzarina co-partner in crime. Would that had space to describe Frederick features in detail. Thanks to M Gaxotte's brilliant brush the reade of THE FORTNIGHTLY may scrutini them for themselves.

THE BEAST FROM THE ABYSS Hermann Rauschning. *Heineman* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Some years ago, in a coffee house c the Kurfürstendemm in the west Berlin sat day after day a good-lookin gentleman. He sat there, alone an apparently nervous. He was waitin for something.

This gentleman was Dr. Herman Rauschning, President of the Danz Senate, and until then, one of the mo prominent Nazi leaders, one of the fe selected who were honoured by th confidence of the Führer. But late he had fallen from grace. He ha never been a Nazi of the deepest dye his political home had been that sma and honest group of German Your Conservatives, who after the war ha dreamt of a resurrection of Germa on the basis of national Christianit But their patriotism was not able compete with that sort of patriotis which Adolf Hitler sold to the Germa people. They failed, but driven by th desire to work for their country anywa

ey put their services at Hitler's sposal. Rauschning as one of the olest among them was chosen to lfil one of the most important national sks—the reunion of Danzig with the eich.

But as a man of culture and refinement he refused to conquer Danzig by e same methods of threats and olence used by Hitler to make himself ord of the Reich. He lost the confidence of the Führer and when he me to Berlin to defend his policy of oderation he could not get an idience with Hitler, and after trying r weeks, one day was bluntly informed an S.S. man that the Führer did t want to see him at all.

Rauschning knew what that meant. e left Germany as quickly as possible. e found refuge in France and in this untry and settled down to tell the uth about Hitler and Naziism to the orld. His first two books *Germany's evolution of Destruction* and *Hitler's ims in War and Peace* had an enormous ccess. His third book, *The Beast om the Abyss*, is the most interesting them all.

In it he leaves the past and sets out a journey on board a "New ayflower." Swept along by the irling currents of our time "we are . . journeying to a new land, distant, known, inhospitable . . . Hope is th us, hope and confidence, and we n endure the dark voyage."

But there is a great danger threatening this journey—the Beast from the yss. What is this monster which threatening our whole civilization? is the totalitarian state, the Leviathan" as the great English ilosopher Thomas Hobbes described about two hundred years ago—a great artificial being comprised of human beings welded together by the most centralized control of all social, cultural and economic life. How could this beast rise from the abyss? How could that man, thus is Rauschning asking, infect a whole people with his mania and force this yoke of destruction and enslavement on all the world? He himself gives the answer by pointing out that already before the arrival of Hitler every solid social and political structure had broken down. Nothing had remained on which men could rely. The revolution which we are fighting now was in our midst before we recognized it—that German nihilistic Revolution of Destruction, threatening this world of ours, which we in too great complacency believed to be so strong, so secure.

Is it our fate to be devoured by the Beast from the Abyss? Rauschning himself shouts a most emphatic "No." It is the task of the great Anglo-Saxon democracies to bring this hope of all mankind to its fulfilment by the reconciliation of tradition and revolution. We must not fight with the same weapons that Hitler uses. We have to hold on to our history and tradition. No fixed plan can be put into operation in order to reach the goal of the voyage of the "New Mayflower," which is to be what Rauschning calls "organized equilibrium," an equilibrium which will know the necessity of lasting compromise and will not know any claims to exclusiveness of a nation, or class, or race, or confession or doctrine.

It is rather surprising to hear such ideal demands from a man who once belonged to Adolf Hitler's élite. But read the chapters in his book about the rôle of Christianity and religion in this

fight against the Beast from the Abyss. Read what he has to say about Anti-Semitism. For Rauschning, the ex-Nazi, Judaism together with Christianity is an "unalienable component of our Christian Western civilization, the eternal call to Sinai."

ERNST KLEIN.

BRITISH STRATEGY, MILITARY & ECONOMIC, by Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond. Current Problems. *Cambridge University Press.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

THE EVOLUTION OF THE TANK, by Rear-Admiral Sir Murray Sueter. *Hutchinson. Revised Edition.* 15*s.*

Sir Herbert Richmond's book has a sub-title which runs as follows: "A Historical Review and its Contemporary Lessons." But the author is too good a scholar to lay much stress on how the lessons of the past are to be applied. He is content to interpret, leaving propaganda and prophecy to others. Basing his study upon the "nine major wars in which Great Britain has been engaged since the reign of Elizabeth," Admiral Richmond shows how British policy has long wavered between the two main alternatives of military intervention and economic pressure. He describes what attempts have been made to combine the two, pointing out that Shakespeare must have been familiar with the problem when he wrote :—

> One would have lingering wars with little cost;
> Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
> A third thinks, without expense at all,
> By guileful fair words peace may be obtained.

While scrupulously honest in admitting contrary examples, even to the point of conceding that Abercrombie's ar might have turned the scales Marengo, the author feels bound show what little result the Elizabet armies achieved and at what v expense. Nor does he think it unlik that the War of American Independe might have been won by econo pressure alone had the British Gove ment confined itself to that single a In the past, at least, blockade has b our most effective weapon, our b results being achieved when milit policy has been subordinate to it.

The Evolution of the Tank, as revi for this new edition, consists of t Parts; the first giving the na version of how the tank was invent the second dealing with subsequ modification and recent use. Sa wiched between is a slightly irrelev (but interesting) chapter of au biography.

That the earliest tank should ha been the work of Naval Airmen m always seem somewhat unreasonal Admiral Sueter's early chapters something, however, to explain t element of the incongruous. The st begins with the Admiralty's desire base its Naval Air Squadron at Cal or Dunkirk, mainly in order to oper against Zeppelins. Thence arose t question of temporary advanced bas to bring the airmen within range airship sheds at Dusseldorf and Colog To serve advanced bases cars would needed, and these, it was decided, wo have to be armed and indeed armour Thus came into being a squadron Naval Armoured Cars, which ultimat showed the White Ensign to t astonished inhabitants of central Rus and Rumania.

Naval influence had endowed these ehicles with armour and revolving irrets. So that it was not altogether range that the First Lord, Mr. Winston Churchill, should turn to the irector of the Naval Air Service dmiral Sueter himself) for help in olving a purely military problem—hat of breaking the trench deadlock. he problem was solved by fitting the irreted armoured car with the aterpillar tracks as designed for Scott's ntarctic sleigh and adding engines as sed in a submarine. The result pproximated more closely to the tank to-day than to the rhomboidal tank f 1916. Its value derived not merely om its tracks but from the naval xperience embodied in its armour lating and turret. Were all inventers f the tank to be collected together, the rowd would be fairly considerable. eonardo da Vinci would jostle Boadicea nd both would look askance at Mr. I. G. Wells, whose glance towards our resent Prime Minister would not be ithout a touch of patronage.

The latter half of Admiral Sueter's ook is not of equal value. Here the uthor is on less familiar ground, with o direct military experience to guide im. He has collected, however, a reat number of facts together with a ery useful set of illustrations.

C. Northcote Parkinson.

THE LIFE OF SIR PERCY COX, by Philip Graves. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

THE MAN ON MY BACK, by Eric Linklater. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is incriminating evidence of the aculty of the English to ignore those to whom they owe most, that the name of he late Sir Percy Cox is so little known outside the circle of his personal admirers. In Cox's case the ignorance may be partly due to his own dislike of self-advertisement; and it must be due in part to the curious myth that T. E. Lawrence held something approaching a monopoly of knowledge in the market of Arab affairs. And yet, as the author of the present biography points out, "Lawrence's name is in danger of being forgotten by the Beduin of Western Arabia; the name of 'Cockus' was given to not a few Iraki children years after Cox himself had resigned from his high office in Bagdad." That Cox had that rare gift—which if it be not inborn no amount of effort and study can acquire—of diplomacy by personal impression and domination, there can be no doubt. When, in the early years of his career, he was appointed Agent and Consul at Muscat, he found the Sultan anti-British and much involved in the manœuvres of Russia and France. A short time after the young Consul's arrival, the Sultan was bringing his small sons to tea-parties with the Coxes at the Agency. And after four years Lord Curzon, then Viceroy, was able to write that the change in the ruler, from suspicion to confidence and regard, "reflected the greatest credit upon Major Cox."

A professional soldier in his early years, with all the conventional subaltern's mannerisms from shooting to getting into debt, Cox maintained, under the cloak of uniformity, that individualism which is the hall-mark of the best type of British officer. His determination to carry out the policy which he himself believed to be right, whether it was convenient to his career or not, stands out throughout this

biography of a man who was Chief Political Officer to the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force, High Commissioner in Irak, Resident in the Persian Gulf and Minister at Teheran, and who has recorded that he thanked God that he had been brought up in a school where "loyalty to one's salt and one's superiors does not involve the obligation to throw dust in their eyes."

Philip Graves' biography is a masterly work well enough written not to show the pains that must have gone into the making of it.

Eric Linklater's own account of part of a vivid lifetime may well be summed up in an extract from one of his school reports when he was a small boy: 'On the whole he is doing fairly well, but is handicapped by a sense of humour.' But to a sense of humour, the fairy who ettended the cradle at Eric Linklater's birth added also an unusual command of the English language and a love of writing for writing's sake; which fortunate combination converted what might by itself have been a handicap into a source of profit both to his readers and to himself. Of his power of language the opening words of the book are as good an example as one could ask. He begins:

"The lake is subject to the sky, and about these northern islands the sky, from day to day, is a drunken hooligan, a dance of cupids, a route of silver-breasted Cuirassiers, a weeping savage, or a temple for the Princess of China." It is comforting to find Mr. Linklater saying of himself, on a later page, "I am a laborious worker, and must worry myself into a state of pernicious excitement before I can write with an appearance of ease. I have an interest in words which is like an hon carpenter's interest in wood."

Much of *The Man on My Back* i book of travel and adventure; American chapters are probably best, certainly the most entertainin though the concluding account of coming of the war to Orkney has more immediate appeal.

Mr. Linklater is not shy, and contrives by much modesty to av being modest. The reader of *The M on My Back* will conclude that its aut thinks well of himself, but that he nevertheless correct in that opinion.

GORDON WINTER.

THE BAY, by L. A. G. Stro *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

CHAFFINCHES, by H. W. Freem *Chatto & Windus.* 8*s.*

FIELDS OF PARADISE, by Ral Bates. *Jonathan Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

There are as many ways of classifyi novels as there are of classifying peop and most of them, like epigrams, crystallizations of a half-truth, but t temptation to classify remains, and am tempted to divide novels writt in the first person into those that co under the heading "People I met" a those that might be headed "T Person I am." A first-rate "I" no could, of course, be both, and it see probable that some day Mr. L. A. Strong will write one. He has all t equipment, for although in his new bo he has chosen to lay aside his powers delicate and introspective analysis, one who remembers "Corporal Tun or "The Open Sky" will forget that has those powers or fail to wish th he should use tham again, and if should use them in the same book w

N qualities that make *The Bay* the
hilt should be a very good novel
rped.

The Bay belongs to the school of
'in'ople I met " novels, and like most
in that school is a loosely woven
id biography with an inconsiderable
lv ral figure. Luke is a nice young
a1, the permanent nice young man on
he m so many stories have been hung,
ur followed Prince Charles to Derby
te r the name of Edward Waverley,
nt re-christened Nicholas Nickleby,
se ed with Vincent Crummles. Luke
p1 othing very much except nice. It
' ot what he is, but what he sees and
' rs that make *The Bay* such lively
o1 ing. The company that he keeps
xp his early pub-crawls with Uncle
la n or in the barber's shop may not be
f tly the company that he would like
ro ntroduce to his first wife's sticky
e tions, but it is full of " nature,"
n in experience and variety, in
l. edy, tragedy, and in the easy
re wship of simple men in casual
it es.

The end of the novel is perfunctory.
o I almost feel that poor Luke, after
ut ecstatic love affair and luckless
o riage, is provided with a second wife
in asily as if he could get one for a
re pon, but this is not a novel to read
el what happened to the central figure,
for the common humanity around
1.

Chaffinches is an honest, straight-
H ard piece of story telling. A boy
1 in 1873 grows up on a farm,
H ving to manhood, falling in love.
s girl jilts him for the successful
al who crosses his path all through
e book. There is an interlude in
ndon when Joss figures as barman
d chucker-out in a pub, sows his modest crop of wild oats, tires of them and goes back to the country, where his old love and a new farm are waiting for him. Both wife and land bear fruit, but the war of 1914 robs him of his sons, and in the end of his farm, though he is left with a wife, a home and a meadow. Not in any way original or startling, this book is a sober, pleasant piece of work, a reminder of that natural world of season and growth which at present is too much shut off from most of us by the convulsions of our contemporary civilization.

Whether it was my fault, or Mr. Bates' or the fault of the times we live in, I found my attention flagging, all through the *Fields of Paradise*. The scene is Mexico, the hero is a firework-maker who varies his occupation by loving and by fighting against the Spanish masters. War against oppression, love and action and the chance humours and encounters of roving lives—it all ought somehow to be more absorbing than it is. There is a sameness about it as though the fireworks went off with an effort, even as though they were not quite dry. This is not one of Mr. Bates' best novels.

LETTICE COOPER.

THE NINE DAYS WONDER, by John Masefield. *Heinemann.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

"The people of this island have never cared much for the headlines of the Press: in their dumb way they have cared a good deal for what will look well in ballad." So Mr. Masefield sums up the epic story of Dunquerque (his spelling which seems a pity) while relating in simple narrative the story of those nine days which were the culmination of a military disaster retrieved by a triumphal spirit. The

patient heroism of the multitude waiting their turn—316,663 were brought off safely; the dauntless courage of individuals who put self last; and the deeds of every kind of craft (including aircraft) are recalled in language which makes no attempt to embellish what must be forever written on the page of history. Mr. Masefield exercises great economy in illustration yet each serves to reflect the gallantry of many and he concludes his story with four good poems.

POST D—Some Experiences of an Air-Raid Warden, by John Strachey. *Gollancz.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Apart from slight differences in organization and the fact that in Chelsea they apparently pay less rather than more attention to making and drinking tea, the society of warden a homogeneous one as keenly devo to doing its good deed in a cheer spirit as any company of Boy Scou The strength of the voluntary mo ment is here well illustrated and y Strachey does well to bring out unity of purpose which binds a P together and the gentle rivalry whi exists between sector and sector. (Io Posts can cap Mr. Strachey's story the quarrel over the bomb which fe near the boundary line). Mr. Strachey book has been greatly praised for th two brilliant chapters 'Digging for Ir Miller' and 'The Big Bomb'. They ar indeed splendid and true pieces of wri ing but the book has even more to giv than the deep human emotions the chapters evoke.

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●

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